

#75 Aug/Sep 2000



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"THE BEST TRICK THE DEVIL EVER PULLED WAS CONVINCING THE WORLD THAT HE DIDN'T EXIST..."

Satanic Surfers

"FRAGMENTS AND FRACTIONS"

NEW RECORD OUT SEPTEMBER 25th!

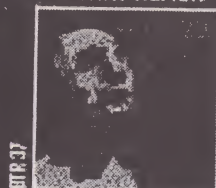


"Fragments and Fractions" CD

Satanic Surfers are back with their best album ever!! Musically it has its fair share of surprises, but I think it's safe to say that no one will be disappointed. Punk-rock doesn't get any better than this!

Don't forget to check out these releases as well!!!

WITHIN REACH



"Fall From Grace" CD

Hard-hitting hardcore horror Mike's Touch are the latest addition to the Bad Taste family and with this new album they bring two more to the punk scene. Violent and intense. Watch for the hard-hearted...

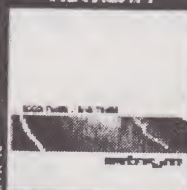
TRIGGER HAPPY / MISCONDUCT



"Spit" CD

Misconduct are back with a new song of that old school hardcore to show the world that Swedish also rocks, but never breaks! Trigger Happy is really getting hot the so songs of melodic rock/punk/ardcore of this album are for you a really good day!

ASTREAM



"Good Times / Bad Times" CD

Astream have been around for a while now and with this new album they third to catch they have really made the record we're all been waiting for! If you're into melodic punk-rock with great, catchy songs you'll love this!

LAST DAYS OF APRIL



"Angel Youth" CD

The perfect blend between college rock and emo. LDOA's third album is probably one of the best European releases ever in its genre. 16 amazing songs produced by Pelle Runerfeldt from Hivemind. Fans of for example Jimmy Eat World and the Get Up Kids

Distributed by:
Fab and Sonic Union

WWW.BADTASTERECORDS.SE

BAD TASTE RECORDS STORA SÖDERGATAN 39, 222 23 LUND, SWEDEN. FAX: +46 46 131321, E-MAIL: INFO@BADTASTERECORDS.SE



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1/2 page	7 1/2" x 5"	40
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Caustic Truths!
Noisy Music Zine

THANKS TO:

DESIGN: Ana Lankarani

EDITOR: Richard Tanana

CONTRIBUTORS: Dr. Morose, Jack Link,

Owen Adams, Tim Cundle, Richard Boylan,

Hamish, Josh VanMoorleghe, Steve Servos,

Aaron Lupton, Tom Schulte

BACK ISSUES:

All back issues are completely gone until
further notice.

We always need new contributors
people so get in touch.

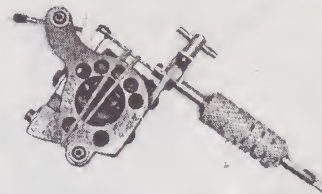
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ON THE COVER: Spencer Moody of
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My Shitorial



So here I sit again this time thinking about our 75th issue. Man. It took a lot for this zine to get where it is today. This month marks our 9th year in print. Whew...makes me tired. Thanks to all our advertisers in making this issue our biggest yet. Thanks to all labels who have supported us in terms of placing ads, interviews, and sending in stuff. Thank gawd for you. I have something to believe in terms of music as opposed to all the teenie bopping garbage. Now we are faced with the old 77s style punk clothes coming back into fashion. Is fashion that pathetic they have to draw back from nearly 25 years ago? And for all you idiots who got caught

up "suddenly" in this scene just because it's now the "cool" thing now can go back and crawl under the rock they come from. Do I sound negative? You bet! I am a true individual with nothing to hide. Boo!! I feel better now.

Richard and The hard Working Staff at Caustic Truths.

P.S. I hope we can pull off another 75 issues. See ya in the next punk cycle 25 years from now.



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Feedback!

letter = my heart for you

Hey everyone...i was just sittin here thinkin about my life, my company, my future, my family, freinds, work etc..... ya know the normal stuff we all face each and every day. And to be frank, IM SCARED... yes SOFA.BOB is scared !!

Let me tell ya why, i have been realizing more and more over the past few days, well actually over the past months and years, but just the past few days have been pretty overwhelming for me and made me think alot, anyway im scared that IM NOT GOOD enough for GOD, im scared HE is coming soon, and i havn't done what i should have done to further HIS KINGDOM. Here are a few things that have been on my mind:

I HOPE THEY DON'T SHOCK YOU (but i know that we all deal with it)

- I have seen the sins i have committed catch up with me (and have finally realized you can't escape sin),
- i have seen the lust for females i have as a man blind me (and realize that lust = trouble)

- i have seen the greed i have to make money, only make me poor, (and now realize all money great and small comes from GOD when he wants you to have it)

- i have seen the relationships i have had fall apart because GOD was not the center and focus of them (and now realize you can't have a relationship with the opposite sex if GOD is not the focus)

.....i could go on with examples.

I don't really know why im emailing you guys, i just feel like it's time to bare my heart with you guys who have come to know me as sofa.bob, well please put the sofa part of that aside, cause your getting BOB now ok. Im tired of the music business, and im tired of it runnin my life, it has done nothing but bring me farther away from GOD, yet on the other hand make me realize that GOD is what the industry needs...anyway...please call me BOB from now on ok, cause thats who i am, and what i am. I need to ask each and everyone of you to please keep me in prayer, im facing some serious things in

life that will not only effect sofa records, but also my life in general...Im strugglin is so many ways, and GOD has rang the final bell in my life and my company..and im now tired of trying TO DO IT ON MY OWN.I cant believe im saying this to you all, but i feel so horrible about sins in my life, and the struggles i have, i wont go into any detail, but im sure you all go thru them, and certainly you gentleman can imagine. I have tried to do what i feel GOD wants in my life, i have claimed Him as my saviour and my way of life, but i feel i have not fully lived up to that commitment i have made to GOD ...so that is why im scared... I AM a CHRISTIAN and never will i say that i am not, i have a PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP with GOD, and never will I doubt that.SOFA exists to serve GOD, and so do I. I guess the main thing with this email is, that im tired of trying to say im ok when im not, why am i scared to seek guidnace and support from my brothers, and why am i living in sin ? I WILL TELL YA WHY cause im a sinner plain and simple and always will be and never will escape that, untill CHRIST returns to this earth, and i cant FREEKIN WAIT !! I HAVE BEEN BLINDED to that fact, and yet it is so simple to see.... and ihave heard and said it myself to others a thousand times... WELL LET ME GET TO THE POINT OF THIS EMAIL GOD HAD WOKEN ME UP...I HAVE NOW REALIZED BEING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, that all my failures, all my sins, and all my problems all equal one thing, MY LACK OF FAITH in JESUS CHRIST. I WANT TO LET YA KNOW IM BACK and ready to serve GOD im not gonna let my sins take me over anymore....im not gonna let SATAN run my life and have HIS way....Now don't get me wrong I havn't been deliberartly doin that ...i have just been shown by GOD..that i better wake up, before i loose it all...LET ME CLOSE BY SAYING THIS...i'm not good with scripture so all i can say is..that the BIBLE has so many verses in it...that can heal and comfort the most lost souls on the earth...and

i will tell ya this...THAT THE BIBLE is my WEAPON to fight sin..and i want to encourage all those out their that are strugglin..and that feel like they cant take it anymore, and just want to throw in the towel....PLEASE DON'T.....I HAVE BEEN THEIR and PRETTY RECENTly TOO OK !! DON'T GIVE UP ON GOD...because HE WILL NEVER LEAVE YOUR SIDE...JUST REACH FOR HIS HAND and HE WILL GRAB YOURS...!! i have said alot of stuff here and it has all been mixed and mashed into differant points and meanings...BUT the main thing is im tryin to say is this:

- GOD HEALS THE HURT
- GOD LOVES US ALL
- GOD GIVES REST TO THE TIRED
- GOD WORKS WHEN WE SLEEP
- GOD LOVES ME
- GOD LOVES YOU

i have been down and nearly out, and NOW I KNOW THAT GOD CAN FIX the worst of my imagination ok.

I LOVE YOU GUYS
even though alot of you i have never met...

GOD BLESS
sofa.bob

STOMP RECORDS SAY
Hey Richard

I was just down in Toronto and saw your latest issue. It's really good. I didn't know that you put some out in bars and stuff.

I think Mike was pretty blown away too. Expect new adds coming from STOMP for your next issue(s)

Matt
STOMP

COLUMN THOUGHTS

Z I N E F U N by JACK LINK

Many a lunch break has been wasted perusing the book/ video section at Tower Records. In spite of its big business, corporate image, Tower also carries an excellent range of weird and amazing zines in the Toronto downtown core, especially if you don't have the time or inclination to trek to Suspect or the Beguiling.

"The Black Flame: International Forum of the Church of Satan" will expand your views of satanism, both in the arts as well as in practical daily living. I bought this primarily because it's the Anton Szandor LaVey tribute issue, with prominent members of The Church of Satan paying their final respects to a great and wonderful individual. My personal favourite is Boyd Rice's lengthy and personal tribute, as he examines some of the many facets of his friend and mentor: hardcore misanthrope, obscure film archivist, and of course, practical joker.

Other articles include "Satanism and the Afro-Caribbean Tradition, On the Importance of Great Big Asses," and an extensive listing of all things satanic: books, magazines, movies. Overall, very attractive, well researched, and well written.

For more info, contact:

The Black Flame
P.O. Box 499
Radio City Station
New York, NY
10 101-0499
U.S.A.

or TBF@CHURCHOFSATAN.COM

NON! WHITEHOUSE! JIM GOAD!
Three of my favourite artists and writers screaming at me from the cover of the latest issue of PANIK fanzine. I found this nestled within the porno section of Tower records, probably due to the "adults only" warning. Regardless, I picked it up, drooling like a baby. Fans of artistic and cultural deviance will find

this indispensable. A comic book haiku, drawn by the Pizz, contains text by none other than Jim Goad, of "Redneck Manifesto" and "ANSWER Me!" fame, who provides painful and funny insight into his incarceration. Boyd Rice, genius behind Non, sketches a humorous and self-reflective diary of his European tour, complete with tributes to various fascist leaders. Whitehouse's Live Action 55 and "Twice Is Not Enough" special edition cd get detailed, in depth coverage and analysis. Plus articles on Leni Riefenstahl, Hermann Nitsch, and more, tons, tons, more. Excellent layouts, beautiful art work, and highly informative and entertaining writing rounds out this class act.

Contact them for more info at:

996 Redondo Ave. #626
Long Beach, CA 90804 U.S.A

or at panikmagazine@earthlink.net

You won't be disappointed.

SEVERN REVELS, FOREST OF DEAN- REVIEW: SEVERN REVELS, FOREST OF DEAN By Owen Adam

Many people from miles around, including Gloucester and Cheltenham and the whole of Wales, are petrified of the Forest of Dean. Its tough working-class mining heritage has developed into a bizarre inner-city tale of unemployment and deprivation, within a beautiful jungle of ancient trees bordered by a ring of grey villages and small towns. Wild West pub brawls happen about once a week, the roaming sheep move in mean, menacing packs rather than herds, and its people speak a dialect of English not far removed from ancient Anglo-Saxon. But, in reality, most Foresters' craziness is healthy, anarchic and downright refreshing. And many more people living amongst the trees aren't nuts at all.

What's more, when there's a party going on in the Forest you know

it's going to be wildly exciting, slightly dangerous, and like nothing else on earth. Thankfully, the redneck element stayed away from the Severn Revels. They were probably busy writing to the local paper, council, etc demanding the "vurriners" (translation: anyone not from the Forest) were kept out of their precious homeland. They failed.

But doing their bidding was the most fascist police force seen since the Miner's Strike and Battle of the Beanfield in that category. A festival of around 3,000 people was flanked by over a hundred police officers. Now that's just plain unpleasant.

Everywhere you looked, fluorescent-jacketed coppers, paramilitary-styleriot squads and plain-clothes officers (well, who else would whisper into their lapels constantly?) worked in tandem with the hired security firm (allegedly foisted on organisers by police, who said it the only company the force would endorse).

By paying a large portion of the ticket price for the policing of the event, punters were rewarded with snatch tactics. General Pinochet would be proud of. Throughout the three-day event, SWAT teams picked on easy targets, mainly hapless strangers chilling on their own or in pairs. Dozens "disappeared", as cordons of yellow jackets strong-armed them off site as onlookers gaped, wondering if they were seeing things.

With riot police very much ready to storm in and trash the festival, organisers appealed for calm as many just couldn't sit around and watch this flagrant disregard for freedom take place. Reports surfaced about policemen knocking over a toddler in the acoustic tent while giving chase to a "suspect", and yet, by the end, 37 arrests were made - all for minor drugs offences, and none for theft or affray. To just who are the real criminals? The estimated 2 in 10 of the UK's population who like to partake of the odd herbal cigarette? Many of those who were carted off weren't even caught skinning up or smoking - apparently they just looked "suspicious".

By the end of Sunday, police gave up trying to spoil the festival (they didn't), and by midnight a token pair of bobbies stood by the exit gate.

MY LIFE
WITH ELVIS
By Tim Cundle

Call that policing? Let's hope local MP Diana Organ (who was at the festival and apparently appalled) asks the questions that need to be asked in the highest of places. And all this was happening at a small, cosy family-orientated festival where all was quiet by midnight, with a mix of mundane respectable locals and tie-dyed aging hippies. Folkies and poets filled the acoustic tent, while world music artists borrowed from Womad rubbed shoulders with an eclectic line-up. Highlights in the main arena included Ted Milton's Blurt. The band, massive in Scandinavia but nondescript in their original hometown of Stroud, have been the world's only purveyors of anarcho-punk art-jazz since the early 80s. Ted's aggressive saxophone and gritty beat poetry is still the centrepiece of this band like an archaic yet essential institution. Manchester's Future Shock fired up the masses with their big, brassy throbbing funk, which merged effortlessly between boogie-woogie and booming soul and lounge-jazz.

There was one area the seemingly untouchable police force steered clear of, though. The tent which doubled as a local band showcase during the day and a dance tent at night. Here we would see some astonishing sights and be bewildered by the array of progressive and inventive musical styles. And this is where the Forest music scenesters - many who hadn't seen each other for years - gathered.

Isolated from the rest of the world, the Forest music scene has developed with its own set of rules. And there isn't any venues left in the villages and trees that can survive the experiments in sonic frequencies - so this was it. We witness first something unmentionably evil and horrific. Die-hard, angry-as-fuck punk rockers Turbowanker took the stage at breakfast time. And the singer, bassist and drummer were completely nude.

Psycho singer Dom, his gnarled, frightening manhood on full display (he later apologised to all and sundry for its "walnut" appearance) screamed unintelligible gutter poetry over a barrage of sickeningly brutal guitars, bass and drums. It's ace. Egg Raid followed suit in their

birthday suits, but their skate-punk style proved overdone and failed to hit the mark. Skip to Saturday night, and a big crowd had gathered. Remember EMF? The one and only Forest of Dean band who made the big time, 10 years ago? Most of them were here, in splinter groups. Drummer Mark now plays in soul and jazz-funk tribute band Deluxe All-Stars. Former EMF DJ Mill now makes deep, funky house music with soul shouter Warner Baker and keyboardist Steve under the moniker of Angry Mexican DJs. Unfortunately, we missed both combos. The star attraction was the debut (and possibly only) appearance of Jab. Pixie-like singer James Atkin was joined by impish former keyboardist and now bassist Derry Brownson. Plus Elastica's drummer Justin helped produce a frantic volley of techno-electro and discordant-hardcore punk. Its Big Black meets the Prodigy and Travis rolled into one - unlikely as it sounds. James' sweet Bernard Sumner and Donna Summers crossbreed vocals were, unfathomably, audible above a gung-ho messy mix of programmed beats and live drums, while Derry's basslines should make Mani of Primal Scream want to invest in new distortion equipment. After a ferocious treatment of that old chestnut Unbelievable, they bowed out to the kind of reception that greeted them all those years ago in their EMF glory days. They remain local heroes, even though they live in London. Other notable festival fruit included adolescent Mogwai-influenced Mountain Men Anonymous, whose post-rock "songs" peaked and dipped more intensely than their Scottish mentors. Just a tad more individuality would come in handy. And the final act was Bath's The Egg, playing live organic euphoric trance and funk. Which was hazily pleasant. But then, the old bill had left us to the remnants of what could have been a blinder of a festie, but ended up tinged with constant paranoia. You won't ever take our freedom. Babylonian pig bastards. We still got caned.

My Life With Elvis

It was Summer, I remember that much. One of those days when you can smell the static in the air and the moisture hangs from your clothes. Ann, her name was Ann. Her eyes reflected a picture of sympathy, her touch was electricity, raw, flowing, a wave from the centre of her soul that overwhelmed, disabled and disarmed its victims. Entangled in her net, drawn closer, her desire charged the cage, doubled over and held on the walls of a battery farm. I was blinded, my cataracts put in place while strapped to a laboratory slab, a million wires discharged current, polluting my slowly convulsing body. She stood in the distance, a vague shape in the ebony collage, toying with the switch, judging each single reaction as the on position was found, lost, then found again. Meat, infested by its own virulence, crimson as it oxidised, that is all any of us were, meat to experiment with and sculpt, all positions were acceptable, art the forum that vanquished pain. The hunger was insatiable, the more I ate, the more I needed, gorging on the fat, obese, unaware that I was slowly dying. My life force draining away, leaving an emaciated shell, limbs drying in the encompassing atmosphere generated by my own lust.

Pleading, she gazed at me, every pupillary response asking how I could abandon Utopia, walk away from Eden. As Cain had struck down Abel, driven by remorse I turned my back, an impossible action, the last impulse of a drowning man. Drowning in pride and the raging waters that drove the turbines of self determination. Reactions muted by the uncontrollable power that slammed into and distorted their super structure, crushing my free will, the pressure threatening implosion. Move, move, got to go fucker, forward, upward, ever onward, it is a race against time and the sands are already in motion. Glancing back, the pleas had turned to fury and my true adversary had shown herself. Her hands were soaked by

COLUMN THOUGHTS

blood, staining her pale skin, pulling her back into the mire of a long forgotten past assuming a reserved seat on a masochistic steed bound for damnation, the fast track to understanding. Forgiveness is the first step to realisation and in the eyes of my fellow men I was a sinner. But even a sinner has the right to suffer and punish those who have stood against him, serving vengeance in a multitude of forms, another course on the menu. For five years we had struggled against one another, gaining an inch only to give a mile, hostilities ended by a series of cease-fires and conference table agreements doomed to failure. I wanted, I needed, I had to have the pain, the anguish and the mistrust that made me whole. Without them I was nothing, a crumbling ruin in a garden of stone, gravity and ambitious vegetation dragging me down, the bowels of the earth waiting to greet another of the lost children. Welcome home, come on in, put your feet up, stay a while. If I listened carefully, I could hear the call, faint but there, elevator music that was unashamedly bland.

Love. The word left me choking on feathers, a four letter excuse to wear flared pants, garishly coloured caftans and thrift jump up

store beads. An alternative uniform for communing with nature and eating mud pies. A sickness that spread like wildfire, devouring even the staunchest non believers, sealing them in a chrysalis, the transformation that would leave the everyday world behind. This wasn't love, it was emotion stripped to its elemental components, barbaric lust that drew the beast from the man, tearing away logic and grinding reason to powder. No sense, no feeling just an urge to fuck, fuck and fuck some more. If you didn't sweat, then start again. Over and over and over, I couldn't have stopped if I'd wanted to. Who needed sleep? It was a burden that I'd shed, traded for the feeling that swells your testicles to the size of coconuts and makes motor function the hardest lesson. How many times had I stared at her smiling face? Listened to her reassurances that I was the only one, knowing full well that I was another number, another way to spend a boring afternoon? Between the hours of one and five you'll get your kicks between the sheets, feel the heat and join with it. Meld, pull my strings as I delicately manipulate yours, each caress sliding into the next, escaping unnoticed, as candy coated secrets are exchanged. Meaning everything at that crucial

moment, vaguely recalling vows as it fades, filtering through the cold night air. Too long, too many times, maintenance is an arduous task and you can't afford to ignore the voices. He who pays the piper calls the tune and the last dance lasts a lifetime as the band strike the final chord.

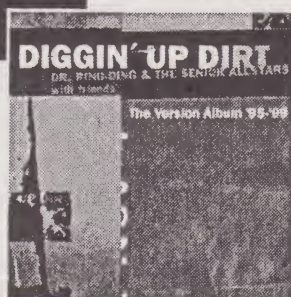
I watched her wipe the tears from her face, wanting to hold her and smell her perfume, lose myself in her arms as the world turned. Two wrongs don't make a right, if I'd returned on my knees and begged for release, things would be the way they'd always been. I'd be safe in the continuity of finishing what I'd started. It would be simple, the easiest test, multiple choice for the subnormal, reach out and touch someone. I watched her as she chose her next target and circled her target, carefully avoiding the obstacles as she moved in for the kill. Flicking her hair back, she smiled and touched his arm. His pupils dilated as the charge hit him, reeling, he stared into forever and was lost. The circle broken, I greeted the new dawn, sharing an old joke and noting the possibilities as they were pointed out, spiralling and interlocking. A new dawn, a new day and a new man. Refurbished and complete, ready to inhabit at the buyers

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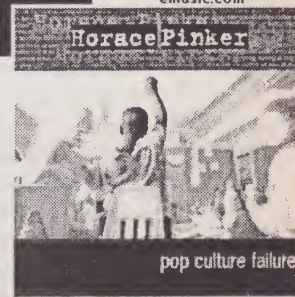


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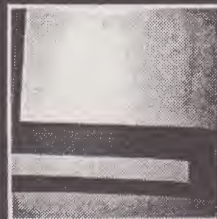
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& FRIENDS
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COMING SOON:
Telegraph "Switched On"
CD/LP Much anticipated album of pop/emo flavored rock/punk. July 2000

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Assassinator Biographies By Dr. Morose



AGRIPPINA the Younger (16-59 CE)

assassinated Claudius (10 BCE-54 CE), the man who became emperor of Rome by using his physical liabilities, such as lameness and stuttering, to convince previous emperors that he was feeble-minded. While others in line for the throne were being assassinated, Claudius survived because he was not seen as a threat to their rule; with the death of the Emperor Caligula (12-41 CE), the Praetorian Guard declared Claudius his successor, whereupon he revealed himself as an intelligent albeit somewhat deviant person. While Claudius was not insane like his nephew, Caligula, he was capable of great cruelty. When he discovered his wife, Messalina, was plotting against him, he had her executed, as well as all the men she had slept with while they were married: the total numbered in the hundreds. Afterwards Claudius compelled the Senate to change the laws concerning incest so he could marry his niece Agrippina. Incest was nothing new to her. She was the sister as well as the former wife of Caligula. Once married to Claudius, she was determined to see her son father by Caligula become Claudius's heir. This was Ahenobarbus (later re-named Nero (37-68 CE). Claudius, however, favoured his own son Britannicus by his former wife Messalina. Agrippina improved Nero's position by having Claudius adopt him. She also had Nero marry Claudius's daughter Octavia, making Nero Octavia's cousin, brother and husband. As Claudius grew old and frail, he began to have second thoughts about his succession, and it appeared that he would remove Nero from the line in favour of Britannicus. At that point Agrippina decided that Claudius would have to be

eliminated. She consulted with Rome's most infamous poisoner, Locusta, and bought poisoned mushrooms that she later put in Claudius's stew. In one account, the mushrooms did their work and Claudius died the evening after eating them. In others, Claudius began to recover from the poisoning and had to be further treated by Agrippina and her physician. In either case, Claudius was succeeded by Nero, who within a few years decided that his mother must go. Nero had tired of Octavia and wanted to eliminate her. Agrippina saw Octavia as an ally as well as a stabilising influence on her mad son. Nero knew his mother was too wise in the ways of poison for him to use that method. In 59 CE he tried to sabotage her ship so that it would appear that she had drowned. When Agrippina survived the sinking, Nero dispatched troops to execute her. When the soldiers approached Agrippina, she is reputed to have requested they stab her in womb that had produced Nero. The soldiers granted her request.

Resource: Agrippina - Sex, Power, and Politics in the Early Empire by Anthony Barrett (New Haven, 1996).



CHAPMAN, Mark David (b 1955) assassinated John Lennon (1940-80), the singer-song-

writer and former member of the Beatles, outside the Dakota Apartments in New York City on 8 December 1980, at the end of a day during which the men's paths already had crossed twice. The first time, at about 1100 hrs, Chapman was engrossed in reading J.D. Salinger's 1951 novel *The Catcher in the Rye*; on the second occasion, early in the evening. Chapman had Lennon autograph a copy of his latest album, *Double Fantasy*. Finally, at about 2130, Chapman arrived at the building to wait for his prey, who appeared approximately 15 minutes later. As Lennon walked past, Chapman pulled a .38 calibre revolver loaded with hollow-

tipped bullets and shot Lennon in the back five times. Lennon died in minutes. Chapman sat on the ground and resumed reading *The Catcher in the Rye* until police arrived. Chapman was born in Decatur, Georgia. His father was physically abusive towards his mother, and from an early age Chapman attempted to intervene to stop the beatings. From about age 10, Chapman began to see and hear what he described as "the Little People", a kingdom of small beings visible only to him. Chapman, who was their benevolent king, would play Beatles music for them. Yet at other times, to vent his frustration, Chapman would image that has was massacring his subjects. The Little People and the Beatles appeared in Chapman's life at about the same time. Chapman played Meet the Beatles over and over, and learned to play the guitar like his idol, Lennon. By the time he was 14, Chapman, Like Lennon, began using drugs, particularly marijuana and LSD. At one point he ran away to Miami where he met with other self-described hippies and worked in a carnival. This was also the period that Chapman first read Salinger's novel, the story of Holden Caulfield, a frustrated teenager on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Chapman soon returned home and became a born-again Christian, whereupon his opinion of Lennon changed. Chapman felt the Lennon song "Imagine" was communistic and Lennon's remark a little less than a decade earlier that the Beatles were "bigger than God" was nothing short of blasphemy.

Chapman would play guitar for his fellow Christians and would sometimes perform a parody of "Imagine: containing the line, "Image John Lennon is dead". While Chapman would remain a Christian to various degrees, his "Jesus Freak": period lasted only a couple of year. Unlike many assassins, Chapman was an out-going and gregarious fellow. Whenever he ventured, in either the hippie world or the Christian one, he went to great lengths to gain acceptance. Denis Mee-Lee, a psychiatrist who examined Chapman before the assassination, said: "He tried hard to give a good impression, to please, and to be helpful. But his approach to getting

along with people was to be 'too nice'. I felt it covered up a lot of anger." During his Jesus Freak phase, Chapman because involved with the YMCA, first as a volunteer, later as a counselor and assistant program director. At the YMCA he was known as "Captain Nemo" and was a favourite among children, with whom he was particularly skilled. He taught guitar and also performed skits with his friend Michael McFarland. Chapman described their act as "a clean version of the Smothers Brothers". In 1975, Chapman joined the YMCA's international program and was sent to Beirut during the civil war there. When the YMCA pulled out of Beirut a few weeks later, Chapman was dispatched to Arkansas to help Vietnamese refugees. Her later worked briefly with autistic and mentally ill children, but he was not a success in that field. Nor was Chapman a success with women. In 1975 he became engaged to Jessica Blankenship and followed her to Tennessee, where they both enrolled in Covenant College. But after one semester Chapman dropped out and returned to Georgia, their engagement at an end.

In 1976 Chapman found work as a security guard, a job in which he became extremely isolated from other people, as assignments most involved working at night in empty facilities. He suffered a nervous breakdown and travelled to Hawaii for the purpose of committing suicide. While there, he rented a car and purchased a length of vacuum cleaner hose, which he attached to the exhaust pipe, placing the other end inside the vehicle and sealing the windows. He then started the engine and prepared to die of carbon monoxide poisoning. But the hose melted off the exhaust pipe and the attempt failed. Chapman then checked himself into a psychiatric hospital where, within two weeks, he was offered a job. He was found to be excellent with the patients and he began to learn Japanese to help with those of Japanese heritage. While planning a trip to Asia, Chapman met and became involved with Gloria Abe, a Japanese (-American) woman five years older than himself. They married 2 June 1979. At

about the same time, Chapman's parents divorced. Chapman experienced a desire to kill his father, whom he felt had not provided an adequate settlement for his mother. Late in 1979, Chapman left the hospital and resumed work as a security guard. His emotional state worsened and he began drinking and binge-eating. At about this time, the Little People from his childhood returned. Chapman quit his job, signing out on his last day under the name "John Lennon"; he gave his wife a copy of *The Catcher in the Rye* inscribed "To Gloria from Holden Caulfield". He became a househusband, much the same way that Lennon had done. After reading John Lennon: *One Day At A Time* by Anthony Fawcett, Chapman became furious with Lennon. The book claimed that Lennon's earlier phase of protesting against war was a sham, that Lennon cared only for money. *The Catcher in the Rye* expresses Holden Caulfield's rage against "adult phonies". To Chapman, Lennon was the biggest phoney of them all and therefore deserved to die; he began to fantasize about killing his former hero. On 9 October (Lennon's birthday), Chapman announced to his wife that he was going on a trip to London: a lie to cover up his real intention of going to New York City to murder Lennon. At the end of the month, Chapman purchases a .38 calibre revolver, a type-of weapon with which he was familiar from his security guard training. On 30 October, Chapman arrived in New York and staked out the Dakota but did not see Lennon at this time. Also, he discovered that he had not brought any ammunition for this gun and that purchasing bullets in New York was extremely difficult. He traveled to Georgia to visit old friends and buy hollow-tipped cartridges. Back in New York, he still did not see Lennon and on 12 November we went again to Hawaii, where his mental condition continued to deteriorate. He began making threatening and harassing phone calls, at one point ringing the Ili Kai Hotel in Honolulu and reporting that he had planted a bomb in the building. With his marriage in tatters and his mind obsessed with killing Lennon, Chapman returned to

New York a final time on 6 December. While there, he purchases a copy of *Playboy* featuring an interview with Lennon and a new copy of *The Catcher in the Rye*, the Lennon album and a small poster for the film *The Wizard of Oz* (Chapman had always identified with Dorothy, a child lost in a strange land). He also patronized a prostitute who happened to be wearing a green dress list the prostitute in *The Catcher in the Rye*. Before leaving his room on 8 December, Chapman created a display for the police when they searched the premises: an eight-track tape of Todd Rundgren (often considered a rival of Lennon's), the *Oz* poster, his passport, a Bible open to the Gospel According to John and photos of himself interacting with Vietnamese children. When arresting his for Lennon's murder, police took extreme measures to prevent Chapman being killed by hysterical Lennon fans. Chapman claimed: "The child killed John Lennon. He killed him. To be important. To be somebody." Chapman explained that his mind was controlled by a small child as well as a "fake" adult. Chapman was taken to Bellevue Hospital for psychiatric examination where doctors declared him fit to stand trial in spite of a stew of mental disorders including, but not limited to, depression, schizophrenia and narcissism. Chapman believed that shooting would make him the Holden Caulfield of his generation. He carried *The Catcher in the Rye* with him wherever he went and even called up the publishers, Bantam Books, and told them to expect an increase in the book's sales. Chapman entered a guilty plea to murder and was sentenced to from 20 years' to life imprisonment. Since then he has been at the Attica state prison. His is in protective isolation as he receives hundreds of death threats each year. He is eligible for parole in 2001 but unlikely to be freed. Chapman is a believer in what he called by the Jungian term synchronicity, pointing out that Lennon wrote the song "Helter Skelter", which influenced the Manson family to kill Sharon Tate whose husband, Roman Polanski, directed the film *Rosemary's Baby*, which used exterior shots of the Dakota, where John Lennon was killed. Or that Lennon

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played a benefit concert for the families of the victims of the Attica prison riots in 1972 and recorded a song called "Attica State" with the Plastic Ono Band.

Resources: Let Me Take you Down: The Mind of Mark David Chapman, the Man Who Killed John Lennon by Jack Jones (New York, 1992). The Mourning of John Lennon by Anthony Elliott (Berkeley, California, 1999).

PATLER, John (b 1938), the slayer of George Lincoln Rockwell, America's most infamous neo-Nazi, began as one of Rockwell's most ardent supporters. Rockwell (1918-67), so-called Fuehrer of the American Nazi Party, was a publicity-seeker, eager to get his name and face on the television and into the newspapers in order to attract like-minded people to his cause. Among his exploits were his picketing the premiere of the movie Exodus and his undertaking speaking tours of college campuses where he was certain to draw student protests. A more devious tactic was his alignment of the ANP with the Black Muslim movement on the grounds that both favoured segregation of the races. Rockwell even spoke at a Muslim conference in Chicago in 1962, telling an audience of 5,000 African-Americans that Malcolm X was heroic and Elijah Muhammad was the "Adolf Hitler of the black man" (intending the latter as a compliment). The FBI declared Rockwell more of a nuisance than a menace, as his followers were never numbered more than a few dozens. At Rockwell's headquarters, a house in Arlington, Virginia, nicknamed Hate-monger's Hill, Rockwell usually had between 20 and 30 like-minded individuals living with him, but the cast was forever changing, often because of personality clashes. Among the longer-term residents of Hatemonger's Hill was Patler, who claimed to have grown up in an Italian section of New York where conflicts with African-Americans and Puerto Ricans engendered his racist beliefs. After an undistinguished career in the Marines, Patler left his wife and children (one of whom was reportedly named

Horst Wessel after the German Nazi martyr) so that he could better serve Rockwell. A printer by trade, he was editor of the official party organ, The Stormtrooper. But in March 1967 he was expelled from the party and forced to leave the compound, apparently because he had caused discord between dark-haired, dark-eyed Nazis and blond-haired, blue-eyed ones (Patler himself was among the former). Thereupon Patler formed his own group, the American National Party, with its own magazine, Kill, which called for the assassination of all who got in the way of white supremacy.

On 27 August 1967, Rockwell was leaving a local coin laundry in the Washington, D.C. area when he was shot by Patler from a hiding place on the roof of the plaza where the laundromat was located. Rockwell was hit twice, once in the chest and once in the head. He died on the scene. Patler fled but was picked up by police 45 minutes later at a bus stop slightly more than a kilometre away. Without Rockwell, the American Nazi Party fell apart due to conflicts between supporters and its new leader, Matt Koehl, whom some suspected of involvement in the assassination. Pronounced fit to stand trial, Patler was convicted of Rockwell's murder and given a 20-year sentence on 17 December 1967. Described as a model prisoner, he was paroled on 22 August 1975. His present whereabouts are unknown.

Resources: America in Hitler's Shadow: The Anatomy of Nazism by Leland Bell (Port Washington, New York, 1973).

ELSER, Johann Georg (1903-45), a German cabinetmaker, electrician and general handyman, tried to kill Adolf Hitler with a homemade bomb and nearly succeeded. As a communist, Elser saw the Munich Agreement, which ceded the Sudetenland to Germany, as a sure sign of impending war between Germany and Russia, a fate which only Hitler's death could prevent.

On 5 November 1939, Elser placed a homemade time-bomb inside a wooden pillar in the beer cellar where Hitler had

plotted to overthrow the Bavarian government in 1923, knowing that every year on 8 November, the anniversary of the failed coup, Hitler would return to give a speech and reminisce with old party members. Hitler, who often failed to show up or left events earlier than planned in order to thwart would-be assassins, departed before the commemoration was over, left earlier than expected. Twelve minutes after his departure, the bomb exploded, killing seven Nazis and wounding another 33.



Elser was captured at the Swiss border. After initially claiming that he had acted alone, he later admitted that he had been approached by two men, who did not identify themselves, and offered refuge abroad if the plan worked. The Gestapo used torture, drugs and hypnosis but could not obtain any more information. Infuriated that the Gestapo did not think him capable of plotting Hitler's assassination, Elser requested access to a carpenter's shop, where he re-created the explosive device. Hitler himself was convinced that Elser was an agent working for the British and insisted that the prisoner be kept alive until after the war when he could be used as the centerpiece of a war-crimes trial against British intelligence. Elser was imprisoned in Dachau where he was continually questioned, to no effect. On 8 April 1945, when it was apparent that Germany would lose the war, Elser was executed.

Resources: Plotting Hitler's Death: The Story of German Resistance by Joachim Fest (New York, 1997).

JEN ANGEL FUCKTOOTH

How did you first get involved in punk/HC? Was there a point when you realized this music was a rewarding and was going to make a real change for you or was it all a gradual process?

Well, I was introduced to punk during high school (1990), but I didn't really get involved until college (1993). I started doing my zine before I really involved punk, and it didn't talk about punk much at first. Mostly because I hadn't yet found punk music that exciting to me. I had heard Dead Kennedy's, for example but I thought Hello's voice was annoying so I never really got caught up with them, so it took a while for me to find music that I thought was really exciting and passionate. I think a lot of what helped me though was the writing, either in zines or in record booklets, that talked about politics/political awareness and activism, and that's what really turned me on. Some things that I found early were the Dischord "State of The Union" lp and booklet, Kent McClard's writing, Bad Religion, a bunch of other stuff to.

When it comes to music we can all point to fads and trends but have you ever sensed/noticed that some people tend to listen to music not for the music but for an accepted norm being 'into' something regardless of how mainstream or underground? Isn't this type of immersion also a form of narrow-mindedness?

I definitely think most (not all) people need a sense of community or belonging and some of us go to our music community to get that as opposed to our local community (where we live) or our family or our religion (or sports or whatever), and sure, within punk, there are people

who are here because it's the "cool" thing or because they want to fit in, but I think that partially is a new development. When I was growing up, there wasn't many punks around and the ones that were definitely weren't the cool kids that everyone aspired to be. Now that punk is more mainstream and is portrayed as hip and cool on TV as opposed to freakish or bad, sure there are more people getting involved that way.

What was your family life like growing up? Stability? Dysfunction? Suburbia? Can you relate your situation growing up into where you are now?

I think everyone has a messed up childhood in some way, I can look back now and see things that happened and see how fucked up they were. I didn't have it particularly difficult either. But, I didn't get along with my sister or parents until after I had moved out of the house. High school was difficult and I'm sure I didn't make it easier for them. My sister and I fought constantly. Now I get along with my family great, and I feel lucky to have a supportive family now.

I think a cherished ideal of punk/HC with a great many people (whether we realize/admit it or not) is to have and maintain a spontaneous and carefree attitude and yet be mature to take adult responsibilities, especially if due to a DIY ethic (and a DIR aspect of 'do it right') but then the whole "sell out" tags creeps in. What are your thoughts on this?

I think the issue of "selling out" is pretty different from living/maintaining a DIY/punk attitude. I suppose some people consider working a full time job for some horrible corporation selling out against your punk ideas, but come on, we live in a world of compromises and we do that so we get by. I believe that maintaining a punk/DIY ethic is about attitude

and living your life in a way that makes you happy and that you feel comfortable with/can justify to yourself. It is not possible for everyone to have punk jobs that support them, but it is another thing to let yourself get caught up in the cycles of debt and consumerism that go along with mainstream society. I think it is significant that we take the money we earn from corporate jobs and spend it doing good DIY things as opposed to contributing to general materialism and to our convenience-based, throw away culture. Are we being responsible with the way we spend our money? I think that is important, of course, I would probably have difficulty working some huge multinational like Monsanto or ADM, and I don't think I could do that, but there is a problem with every job out there and you have to do what you have to.

For quite some time in "Fucktooth" you've taken rather dim view on non-monogamy. Do you still feel the same way? Is it a strict result of personal views on sex and relationships?

I wouldn't say that I've taken a dim view at all. I have long been an advocate of non monogamy, but I haven't worked it all out yet. And the way non monogamous ideas are applied to every relationship is different, and there are new trials and new things to be worked out. This means that I talk about non monogamy a lot and I don't have all the answers. It is important to remember that I don't advocate non monogamy for everyone, or for each person for their whole lives, some people don't need or want non monogamy, and those of us who do want it may not need it at all points in our lives. There have been, and there will be, times when I want to be monogamous. I've been talking about this a lot lately with some friends, and I think it is interesting that there is societal "taboo" toward talking about open relationship. People are out there experimenting with their relationships and not talking about it with each other and sharing what works and what doesn't. This is not a hippie-free love kind of ideal. This is talking about non-traditional relationships and conventions

that are perhaps more fitting to our "modern" lives and our non-traditional ideas. We apply radical thinking and ideas to our political views and the way we live the rest of our lives. Why don't we think more about our relationships and how we're stuck in the molds that all the previous generations have made for us? I think it is important for us to talk about these issues.

Punk and the scene has definitely empowered and helped some people to become aware and active about certain issues. Do you think your personal awareness for social, political, and environmental concerns would've developed and would otherwise be the same had you never gotten into punk?

I think I would have gotten around to the same general way of thinking but probably would have taken longer. Punk gave me an access point, a way to find more information with some kind of direction. I think I would have found my way around at some point. But beyond giving me access to political information, exposure to punk puts the idea in your head that you DO NOT have to live the way everyone else does. Punk is important to know that somewhere out there, there are people with a different value set than your parents or that what's shown on TV and reinforced in many ways every day. Part of being able to develop a critique of society is knowing that there are other options out there.

Because of the bad vibe that has departed with people who have left over the years when you look back on MRR, are there any regrets whatsoever? Do you feel you made an impact and that incidents/sit-

uations would have panned out as they did regardless?

I have a lot of bitterness and resentment toward the situation which I think was pretty unfair in a lot of ways. Even though I understand why people did things they did or what their motivation was, it still makes me frustrated. I have a lot of anger around the situation and I don't really know how to deal with it. There are definitely certain people who I have lost a great deal of respect for and who I no longer want to have anything to do with. My biggest respect have to do with what the situation as a whole did for me. I let Tim and MRR take away my confidence and self assurance. I was not a strong person while I was at MRR, and I regret that I wasn't but as they say, hindsight is 20/20, but I have kind of fallen back on my old cliché, and I admit that I have definitely learned a lot from the experience, including a lot about how people interact with each other and how people attempt to manipulate others (and how easy it is to be manipulated). And of course I learned a lot about how politics works within the scene, enough to force me to make choices about how I want to participate in the political nature of punk (political, not as in activism, but as in who says what to whom and who is a scenester and all that crap).

So many people have said how punk/HC has saved their lives and kept them going down wrong paths. Would such a claim apply to yourself? This will probably seem like an alien concept to you but what would you be doing if you were not involved in the music/scene?

I would probably be more actively involved in politics/direct action than I am now. I spend a lot of time "organiz-

I let Tim and MRR take away my confidence and self assurance.

ing" in the punk scene because it is my community and I believe we need to organize in our home communities first. But I also believe that punk is a good way to politicize people, and I get frustrated when people get turned on to the left/progressive politics through punk but they move on and out of the scene when they get frustrated with its inadequacies instead of staying around to help out. But who knows. There are a lot of different paths I could be taking. I've always been interested in writing music (I studied classical music for a number of years). So I don't really know where I would be. I wouldn't say that my life was "saved", necessarily because I am pretty good at adapting to pretty much anything, but it has helped give me some direction.

At this stage, what is it about punk/HC that truly keeps you interested and what really disillusioned you?

The answer to both is people. The whole reason I do a zine and get involved and network with people is for the slight chance that I will meet someone who is worth my time and energy. I don't think I've been pretty lucky in that I have found some really amazing friends who I really connect with and care about, and it's all because of zinnias and punk. I've learned to value relationships based on mutual respect and trust, as opposed to forming relationships on solely based on the ideas of shared experiences (i.e. I'm friends with everyone at work because I see them every day, not because I particularly like or anything). That's what keeps me involved, on an emotional/selfish



level. Even just thinking about few people spread out across the country who I fell are truly great, amazing friends., it makes me happy. I think I'm lucky to have found them. At the same time, there are a lot of people really dumb and fucked up people within punk and that really frustrates me. Just people who are a waste of my time because they don't think before they act. they don't care about the consequences of what they do, and overall are ruining it for the rest of us. Unlike others, though, I don't attribute this to the "influx" of people through Green Day/mainstream punk, because I think that there have always been people for whom punk is a phase. But they grow out of it, and in the meantime we've gained a few people who stay around and contribute actively/meaningfully. But as I was saying, people are dumb or apathetic really bring me down. They sap out all your energy.

Can you remember the first records you ever bought, the first concert you ever went to and first zine you ever read?

Well, the first record I ever brought was

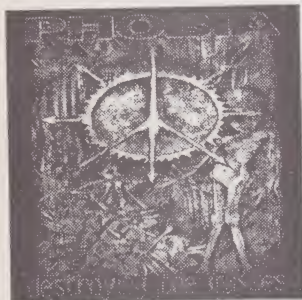
the Police, when I was like 10 or 12 years old. The first punk record? Well, someone I knew gave me a bunch of old stuff like Subhumans/Circle Jerks/DKs, etc. The other stuff I remember listening to around that same time was Screeching Weasel, Bad Religion, Fugazi. Most of which I got for review in my zine. I can't remember how I started listening to Fugazi though. They were one of the first bands I really liked. The first zine? That's pretty difficult. I read a lot of zines back then, even though there weren't too many to go around, especially in Ohio. I didn't discover MRR for a while. I think the first ones I found were bad literary zines and penpal zines, I might have some in a box somewhere. I remember getting Homocore (from SF) and JD's (Toronto) really early on, I don't know what else. I Don't about the first concert, either. I know I saw the Cure in like 1990, in an arena. I didn't really start going to see punk shows until I was in college, coz in high school I lived way in the suburbs and didn't really have a clue. I saw Fugazi a bunch of times.

Any final words?

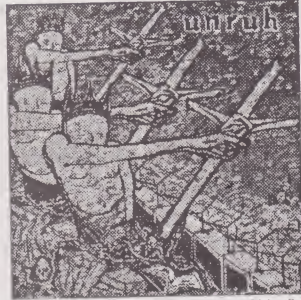
I'd like to take this moment to give some publicity to zines that I think are really

amazing and are really worth your money. We get inundated with advertising and talk about bands and records every day, but it's difficult to find out what new zines are out there or which are ones are worth our time. So, here's a list of the zines I would REALLY recommend as exceptional: (in no particular order)
Cooties (VA)
In Abandon (FL)
Praxis (OH)
Contrascience (MN)
Spectacle (AR)
Dwgsht (I can't remember off the top of my head)
Break the Broken (UK)
Slug and Lettuce (VA)
Heart Attack (CA)
ATR (NJ)
Alice Is An Island (MA)
Avow (MA)
Ten Things Jesus Wants You To Know (WA)
Antipathy (OR)
Zine World (CA)
The Secret Files of Captain Sissy (MI)
Gumption (MI)
Scenery (FL)
Rumpshaker (NY)
The Match (AZ)

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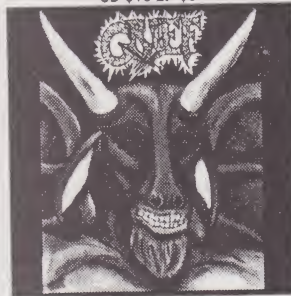
PHOBIA "Destroying The Masses"
CD \$8, 10" \$7



UNRUH "Setting Fire To Sinking Ships"
CD \$10 LP \$8

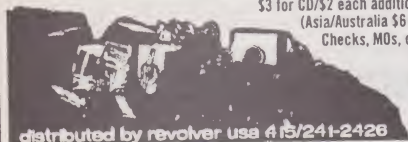


DESPISE YOU "West Side Horizons"
CD \$10



GRIEF "...And Man Will Become The Hunted"
CD \$10

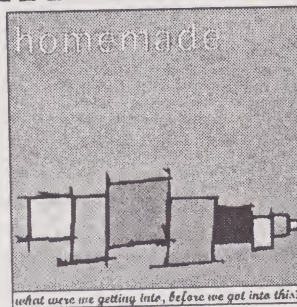
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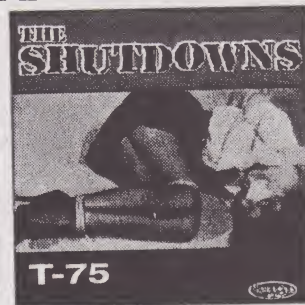
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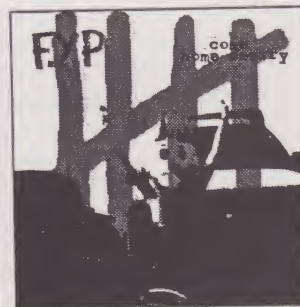
HOMEMADE CD \$10
"What Were We Getting Into, Before We Got Into This?"



FISHSTICKS "Disko" CD \$10



The SHUTDOWNS "T-75" CD \$10



F.Y.P "Come Home Smelly"
CD \$8, 10" \$7

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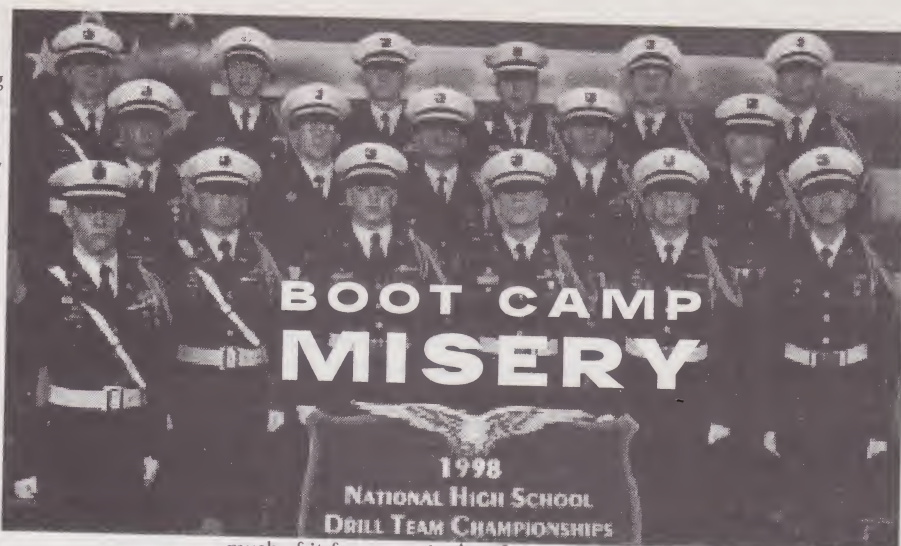
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I don't really think life is a good thing. But people are going to keep procreating, and since I know a great deal about how shitty people operate and know a ton about fucking up, I figure I should continue existing, using that knowledge to try and make planet Earth a better place to live in.

I'm in prison right now. It's not a great place to exist. I'm not going to write about prison. I'm going to share my experiences as a young lad in military reform school. Why? So you never let your children, relatives, or anyone you know go to military reform school. The one I was placed in wasn't like others; it was really just a juvenile prison, as you will see. But I swear, shoving any "troubled" kid into a military school then tossing him or her back into their old community is a bad idea. Also, I believe that this will simply make for entertaining reading.

I grew up in Hell, Wisconsin. The population of this village was maybe a dozen or so humans. The largest populated areas were clean crime free towns twenty miles away. Hell didn't have any buildings, roads, books, or plumbing. People didn't talk, they just grunted. Entertainment in Hell consisted of the townsfolk throwing rocks at birds or squirrels or each other.

So I began to mechanically malfunction at a tender age during my assigned programming in the institutions of the Christian Church and the local Lies, Deception and Conformity Factory. What went wrong? Just about everyone else seemed okay. Didn't think I was drowning in poverty, or getting beaten or molested, or I had a different skin colour and was being discriminated against. I was born with privilege up my ass, more than millions have ever and will ever know. I have to eat a ton of blame for fucking off opportunities and taking



much of it for granted. And I suck for fucking over plenty of people who didn't deserve it. I became miserable and wanted to share that misery, instead of finding ways to transform my anger and mental chaos into creativity, seeking alternatives, figuring out how to deal with it. And so on. Not that I wanted the privilege, but still. Honestly though, things weren't too bad until I returned from boot camp, which I'm getting to.

So yes, my time at the Lies, Deception and Conformity Factory was wonderful. The nickname for my LDCF was Hell High School, and I'm going to get into that garbage right now. Things got worse. I'll keep it short. I started fucking off big time. Totaled by neighbours' car, went on probation, flunked my sophomore year because of truancy, had to go to summer school. Pops thought a decent dose of discipline would complement my education nicely, so he searched for and found a boot camp/summer school. I was promptly enrolled with the approval of the state.

This was a locked facility. Judges ordered juvenile offenders to be housed there; about 70% of the kids were sentenced there by the U.S.A.'s lovely judicial system. Kemper Military School in another hick town named Booneville, in the heart of Missouri. Fuck. I still firmly believe that the place fell straight from Satan's ass onto our lush green planet.

I was sixteen, but really about twelve since I grew up in Hell, which, as I've said, was a village of about fifteen or ten

inbreds. I had never actually talked to an African American my age before, or anyone from a poor urban area. I had never seen cocaine or crude gang symbol tattoos or rode on a city bus or got punched in the face over

and over until blood was flowing from several orifices and my eyes swoll shut.

There was no real adult supervision. The kids, ranging from eleven to nineteen, were housed in miserable shoeboxes inside a building about a quarter of a mile from the adult's housing. Lord of the Flies with boot camp uniforms. Summer, one thousand degrees, the whole place smelled like a pot of urine heating on a stove. Really, that's exactly what it smelled like.

My Dad drove me from Hell, Wisconsin in his station wagon. It was a beautiful arrival. The thing was, he, and I, thought that this was one of those crowning military academies that moulded boys into stellar young men through an excellent balance of fine education, vigorous exercise, and stern but benevolent discipline. Popsy was paying a decent chunk of change for my summer enrollment. The adult authorities conducted a deceiving orientation with smiles and handshakes and a limited tour of the academy. I didn't get to see my living quarters and meet the fellas until after Daddy drove away with good sentiments. The place must have been making loot, getting federal funds from the court ordered youngsters plus checks from unwitting parents. There were even a few foreign troublemakers from the likes of Japan, Thailand, Russia, and one angry Samoan I became friends with.

The adult authorities handed out "ranks"

to the kids that were there the longest. While I would only have the pleasure of spending a summer there, most were sentenced or abandoned by their folks for years. This with rank were called "old boys", those without, "new boys". It wasn't much of a pecking order; it was more of a cruel dichotomy. A new boy had to do anything and everything an old boy ordered. Resistance? Quickly crushed. It didn't matter how shitty you were, the longer you lived at Kemper, the higher rank you achieved. It usually took about six to nine months to get a rank, as in sergeant, staff sergeant or lieutenant. New boys had to walk on the very left edge of the hallways, couldn't use designated toilets, showers, stairs, had to learn the various salutes and cadences for encounters with old boys, clean their rooms, run their errands, and so on.

My first day there was fun. Being twelve years old and manipulated by the large media, I was frightened of humans that were a different colour than white. So when a couple of guys asked to "check out" my boombox and crappy CD collection I of course obliged. While later unpacking another cluster of old boys burst into my room. An all-business looking muscular Asian asked me if I was tough. I said that I was. It seemed like the right thing to say. He asked me if I wanted to fight him, to which I replied that I did not. He said too bad, and proceeded to knee me in the genitals and spit on me while I was on the floor. I nearly vomited, but restrained my puke from flowing onto the dirty floor.

A couple of days later, as my collection of bruises and suppressed anger grew, my roommate Dustin arrived. He was a goofy looking fifteen-year-old wannabe thug from a Chicago suburb who talked like a girl. When the Latinos discovered that he had a tattoo of three dots forming a triangle, an icon that represented "Mi Vida Loca", a Hispanic gang slogan, they held him down and burned it off with cigarettes. Soon after, word got out that foolish Dustin was badmouthing the crew as he nursed his wounds. Bad move.

They booted in our door one afternoon. I was forced to get down in push up position as the festivities began. He was pushed and smacked around and forced to strip naked. I turned my head slightly to see his nude legs bent over our desk; listened to a broomstick slide in and out of his asshole above a chorus of shrieking sadistic laughter and Spanish curses. I wonder what adult correctional institution Dustin resides in today.



"Kemper Military School in another hick town named Booneville, in the heart of Missouri. Fuck. I still firmly believe that the place fell straight from Satan's ass onto our lush green planet."

Torture! I always loved getting my head dunked in a toilet full of human feces and urine. They made this harmless four-foot kid eat his own shit once. It made me want to sharpen up a shank and start stabbing, but instead I stood and laughed because it was easier that way. And I silently thanked the Lord because it wasn't me. What about blanket parties?! That was when you were ripped from placid slumber in the middle of the night and beaten severely under a blanket. Why? Something to do I guess.


Three and a half months went by and I was due to go home in a week. By that time I had risen to second in command as a new boy in my platoon, behind the angry Somoan named Mutel. This meant that I got to team up with Mutel and play the role of sick old boys when absolutely none were around. I rose thanks to my wit and ability to show not a trace of emotion. Plus I became pretty good at fighting, as new boys were pitted against each other in occasional blood matches while old boys sat back and gambled on their selected bitch.

A couple of days before I left, a fresh load of new boys arrived. I can't tell you how hard my dick got as I watched them walk down the hallway with their folded uniforms and bedrolls under their arms. I wanted to see them bleed, no, I wanted to make them bleed. And in the absence of old boys I had my chance, several times before I departed. I was as cruel as the cruelest, as weak as the weakest. I sunk into the sickness, embraced it, did all in my power to perpetuate the cycle. I almost wanted to stay, to escalate in rank, to be a heartless inflictor of pain . . . to make the fuckers bleed like I bled. It makes my brain and stomach hurt today when I think of how easily I became what I hated, and how I did it so well.

Being unleashed back into my old community was a horrible thing for everyone. I resented them all because they did not share my abject experiences. At seventeen I moved up to the big leagues for Arson and Reckless Endangerment. That's another miserably story. But people change, a lot of times for the worse, but sometimes for the better. My single cell in Green Bay Penitentiary whispered for months to me the truth about myself. So I chose to become educated and politicized and went to college and rebuilt many of the bridges I had burnt. (Applause) I'm twenty and have 1 to 2 and half years left, so I have a future yet. For now I continue to school, read and write, sing in a crappy prison punk band, and network with other prisoners. If anyone behind bars is reading this, U.S. or Canada, write me for a good list of prisoner resources; zines, newsletters, books to prisoners, legal assistance, etc. I'm starting my own zine called Hope Kills. Anyone locked up wanting to contribute get in touch, or anyone else.

The Prison Industrial Machine in all its forms must be stopped. It perpetuates detrimental cycles, the result almost always sickness. That's all. Write me and send me shit. For the love of God the Utterly Indifferent, don't let your children grow up to be soldiers.

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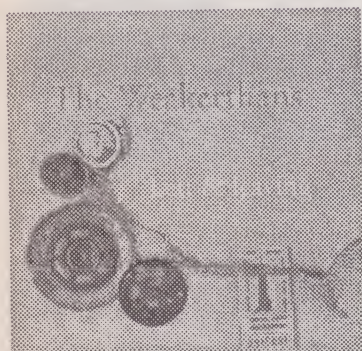
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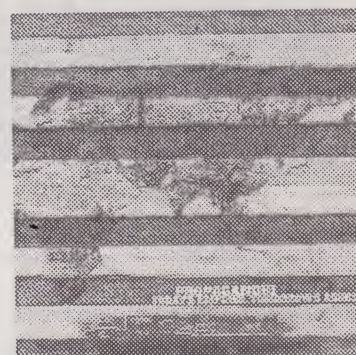
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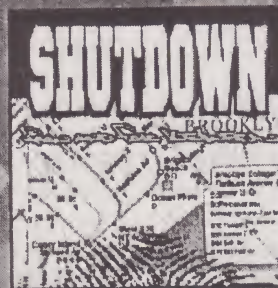
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COMING SOON ON VICTORY NEW RELEASES FROM INTEGRITY 2000 AND HATEBREED...

MJ-12 UFO-Secrecy Management Group Official REVEALS SECRETS

By Richard Boylan, Ph.D.

Dr. Michael Wolf has since 1979 served as a scientific consultant to the President and the National Security Council on extraterrestrial matters, and a member of its Majestic Twelve (MJ-12), UFO-secrecy management agency's, Special Studies Group, and has been in charge of its lead agency, the Alphacom Team. Previously he has served as an Air Force Colonel, pilot, flight surgeon and counter-intelligence officer for the CIA and NSA.

He has an MD in Neurology, a Ph.D. in Theoretical Physics, a ScD in Computer Science, a JD in Law, an M.S. in EM influence on organisms, and a B.S. in biogenetics. Dr. Wolf has decided to reveal to the world what he has learned inside secret government programs about the visiting extraterrestrial cultures, "because we have a right to know." His book, *The Catchers of Heaven* (1996) makes many well-informed revelations. [available from Mandala Books, (888) 497-2085.]

Dr. Wolf states that the most important mission objective of his Alphacom Team is resumption of negotiations with the visiting extraterrestrials. In the 1950s, the U.S. administration entered into treaty terms with the so-called Grey extraterrestrials from the fourth planet of the star system Zeta Reticuli, but these treaties were never ratified as Constitutionally required.

The Greys shared certain of their technological advances with military/intelligence scientists, apparently often while prisoner "guests" within secure underground military installations in Nevada and New Mexico. The extraterrestrials have given the U.S. government some of their antigravity craft and a huge amount of fuel (element 115).

On May 1, 1975 during one such technology exchange in Nevada, a demonstration of a small ET antimatter reactor, the lead Grey asked the Colonel in charge of the Delta Forces guarding the ETs to remove all their rifles and bullets from the room, (so that they would not accidentally discharge during the energy emissions.) The guards refused, and in the ensuing commotion a guard opened fire on the Greys. One alien, two scientists and 41 military personnel were killed. One guard was left alive to attest that the ETs apparently used directed mental energy in self-defense to kill the other attacking Delta Forces. Dr. Wolf states that "this incident ended certain exchanges with (the Greys)."

Military/intelligence scientists learned cloning techniques from the extraterrestrials. After perfecting cloning techniques on animals, Dr. Wolf and his associates cloned an artificial-intelligence human being, "J-Type Omega", as part of Project SENTINEL, an effort to create a super-bright, superpowerful soldier who would follow orders without fear or question. The J-Type clone was terminated, because he would not follow an order to kill an innocent dog, because Dr. Wolf had surreptitiously programmed ethics into his artificial intelligence.

Wolf notes that the extraterrestrials are not comfortable with the world money and power brokers' need for continuing world industrialization, which they see as headed towards planet-killing. Another of the Alphacom Team's missions is to determine "whether we can use the ETs' technology to restore this planet to its former pristine state of natural balance." The ETs are also concerned about the

massive proliferation of nuclear devices into many countries.

Wolf states that other missions of the MJ12SSG's Alphacom Team are: to determine the number and types of ET visitors, the extent of visitation and the reasons, to learn about human interactions with extraterrestrials in the past and currently, the cultures of the various off world visitors, and how we can negotiate with them.

According to Dr. Wolf, several confederations of extraterrestrial civilizations are visiting us in loosely-coordinated fashion. These are: the Alliance (of human-looking ETs from the Altair Aquila system), the Corporate (of Greys from the Zeta Reticuli system), the Federation of Worlds (of unspecified races from many star systems), and the United Races of Orion (cultures from those star systems). Further, the Alliance is in affiliation with the Corporate and with the Federation of Worlds. The United Races of Orion are in affiliation with the Corporate, and, through them, with the Alliance and the Federation of Worlds.

Dr. Wolf told of learning during a high-level briefing in the UK that the Vatican had been applying pressure concerning the possible announcement by President Clinton of UFO visitation. Of specific Vatican concern was "whether he will make reference to the extraterrestrial biological entities' data revealing in detail how religion was created and why." Wolf comments, "Rich organized religions feel threatened by such an announcement."

Perhaps Wolf's most startling revelation is that within the UFO Cover-Up there is a dark, covert renegade organization

known as the "Cabal". He describes it as "well-orchestrated conspiratorial bevy of plotters ... top-heavy with the military, and headed by (a Navy Under-Secretary)." The paranoid Cabal works against, and deliberately undermines, the goals of peaceful negotiations with the extraterrestrial visitors. The Cabal uses Star Wars weapons to shoot down extraterrestrial spacecraft and overcome the ETS by military might.

Wolf concludes by stating, "In all of my preparation as a scientist, nothing ever prepared me for our visitors. We must understand the complexity of the various forces at work on this planet, and yes, on others. Let us not forget multi-dimensionality and space-time distortions, and the spirituality we must regain. I feel I must also mention that spirituality is gaining strength on this planet, this Sol Three. But also is the evil. We have the power to sanction whatever is ...for a better good for mankind."

I have been authorized by Michael Wolf to share publicly in this article the disclosures he has made since *Catchers* was published. This report will not duplicate my earlier article on Dr. Wolf, ["Official Within UFO-Secrecy Management Group Reveals Insider Secrets"].

Dr. Michael Wolf served as an Viet Namer as an Air Force Colonel, pilot, flight surgeon, and as an I-Corps intelligence officer for the CIA and NSA. He has earned an MD in Neurology, a Ph.D. in Theoretical Physics, a ScD in Computer Science, a JD in Law, an MS in electromagnetic influences on organisms, and a B.S. in biogenetics. Basically a Buddhist, Wolf also affirms the core truths in Islam, Christianity, Judaism, Native American spirituality, and other major spiritual traditions. His personal seminal koan is: "The truth is a lie which has yet to be revealed."

From 1972-1977 Dr. Wolf engaged in covert governmental research into extraterrestrial technology. "I met with extraterrestrial individuals every day in my work, and shared living quarters with them," while doing research at extremely-classified underground government

research laboratories. He stated, "Zetas work in underground facilities, as requested by the U.S. Government. The ETs are not breaking the U.S. Government-Zeta treaties, but the Government has broken treaties by mistreating ETs, and trying to fire on UFOs."

Yet there are some extraterrestrials being held captive. "Government scientists discovered that the ETs cannot dematerialize and escape, if there is an extremely-powerful electromagnetic field surrounding them." [By way of corroboration, I have heard a government contractor describe three-foot thick walls with many wires embedded and running through them at Haystack Air Force Laboratory.] Dr. Wolf commented, "Some in the Government want better diplomatic relations [with the ETs], but others in the military want to shoot them down." This is ironic, Wolf said, "because SDI [Star Wars] technology was given to the Government by the ETs."

Laboratories where he worked include: S-4 (near the northeast corner of the Nevada Test Range), and nearby Area 51 (where he lived for a while), the Foreign Technology Division labs at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base (Dayton, Ohio), and the former Dulce Laboratory (near the New Mexico-Colorado border). Wolf also was aware that extraterrestrials work with

government scientists at Haystack Air Force Laboratory, deep under Haystack Butte at Edwards Air Force Base, California. And when the subject was brought up of the complex at Indian Springs Auxiliary Air Field near the Nevada Test Site, Wolf quickly responded, "I can't say anything about that."

Since 1979 he has served as a scientific consultant to Presidents and the National Security

Council on extraterrestrial matters. He is also a member of the NSC's unacknowledged UFO information-management subcommittee. "MJ-12", 's panel of scientists. "The code names I used there were 'Griffin', and 'Nu Kappa Eta'." MJ-12 made Dr. Wolf the Chairman of Alpha-com Team, its premier extraterrestrial-matters group, which also includes an Admiral from Naval Intelligence.

Wolf observes that the generals he worked with feel impotent in the face of the overwhelming superiority of extraterrestrial technology and mental abilities. Because of those feelings of powerlessness, anathema to military officers, the generals had authorized an intense and extensive disinformation campaign (the UFO cover-up), to discourage any attempts by civilians to acquire even the limited understanding of extraterrestrials which the generals have managed to gain.

But a far most disturbing revelation from Dr. Wolf concerns the emergence of a renegade group within the military and intelligence agencies which comprise the UFO Cover-Up. Wolf has labeled this conspiratorial group of plotters "The Cabal". Made up of extremist, fundamentalist, xenophobic, racist, and paranoid officers, the Cabal fears and hates extraterrestrials. And, without any Presidential or Congressional authorization,



the Cabal has commandeered Star Wars weaponry to shoot down UFOs, taken surviving extraterrestrials prisoner, and attempted to extract information by force. A high military officer, who is considered a "friendly" by the Cabal, but who secretly dislikes it, passes on information about Cabal planning and activities to Dr. Wolf.

The Cabal controls some well-known UFO investigators. Wolf said that the director of one major U.S. civilian UFO organization "is up to his ass in the Cabal." And he added that another ufologist in Canada "gets paid for taking swipes at various UFO researchers." That ufologist's high reputation for UFO research is undeserved, because he was getting a stream of leaks and tips from a well-placed official inside the intelligence community. Thus, he knew precisely what UFO data to look and ask for. Now that ufologist is getting frequently upset, because his source "inside" is no longer available, having recently died.

As a Presidential consultant, Dr. Wolf has visited Mr. Clinton in his White House private chambers, and even

"In all of my preparation as a scientist, nothing ever prepared me for our visitors." Dr. Michael Wolf

dropped the remark that "Mr. and Mrs. Clinton sleep in the same bed", thus scotching rumors to the contrary. When Mr. Clinton was visiting Hartford, Connecticut for a Presidential debate, the presidential candidate took a side trip to consult with Dr. Wolf. And to this day, Wolf continues to provide advice to the President by encrypted phone and National Security Council courier.

Possessing some of the highest security clearances, this man is in an extremely-qualified position to know what the government knows about UFOs and ETs. He wants to tell President Clinton everything, "But I can't; my [NSC] bosses won't let me."

Wolf says that "President Clinton does not know much about Area 51. And he does not know about S-4", [the super-secret underground installation 13 miles south of Area 51 at Papoose Lake, where Dr. Wolf did some of his research.] He added, "The President has ABOVE TOP

SECRET and Need To Know clearances, but does not have the UMBRA ULTRA TOP SECRET clearance to have access to upper-level MAJIC [MJ-12] secrets, and KEYSTONE [ET research] documents."

Like many federal bureaucracies, MJ-12 has tripled in size. Wolf reports, "It now numbers 36 members, including [former Secretary of State] Henry Kissinger and [father of the hydrogen bomb] Edward Teller. MJ-12 meets at various confidential locations, including the Battelle Memorial Institute [at Columbus, Ohio]." As an aside, Dr. Wolf confirmed that it was Dr. Edward Teller who recommended physicist Robert Lazar for his position at the secret S-4 government base south of Area 51, where Lazar helped on back-engineering the propulsion systems of extraterrestrial spacecraft.

When I asked who was MJ-1, the head of the MJ-12 subcommittee, Dr. Wolf declined to identify that person. He did say, "MJ-1 answers to no one, not even the President!" When I offered the surmise that Michael Wolf himself was yet another MJ-12 member, he hurriedly pointed

out that he "could not disclose such a thing." And when I proposed that a notable scientist with a government background, residing in Arizona, was yet another MJ-12 member, Wolf responded with an uncharacteristic silence, which I took to mean that he did not contradict that identification.

Michael Wolf has formed acquaintanceships with renown top scientists working on cutting-edge science. One such scientist is Dr. Hal Puthoff, whose research includes zero-point energy, which may replace petroleum to provide a clean source of the world's power. Wolf worked on remote-viewing research for the government, at the same time that Puthoff was doing so at Stanford Research Institute. Darrell McMillan of the Union of Concerned Scientists is another scientist Wolf says he knows, as is Stephen Hawking, the British theoretical astrophysicist.

Dr. Wolf asked me if I had seen the recent movie *Peacemaker*. When I replied

that I had, he said, "The women in that movie was based on a real person I worked with, Dr. Jessica Stern of the National Security Council." And, of course, he has met Edward Teller. Wolf characterized Teller as "a nuclear humbug", referring to Teller's deception of making a presentation to President Reagan about an X-ray laser Star Wars weapon as almost operational, when in fact the system had never been tested, and was subsequently discarded as impossible by other Lawrence Livermore Laboratory scientists.

Another UFO notable with whom Wolf is familiar is Admiral Bobby Ray Inman, former head of NSA, and currently chairman of Science Applications International Corporation. SAIC was identified by USAF Colonel Steve Wilson as the company which makes antigravity engines for U.S.-copycat UFOs. When I commented to Dr. Wolf that USAF Colonel Wilson had identified Inman as also in charge of Decision Science Applications Inc. (DSAI), (made up of the heads of corporations involved in classified military weapons development based on ET tech-

nology.) Wolf commented that "Inman doesn't know as much as the UFO community thinks he does. He doesn't know everything that DSAI is up to."

Wolf also verified that the former head of the Air Force Special Forces' Project Pounce [UFO retrievals unit], Colonel Steve Wilson, and Air Force Technical Sergeant/NSA analyst Dan Sherman, assigned to an NSA unit conducting telepathic communications with the ETs, are who they say they are. Dr. Wolf provided a revisionist history about the beginning of the modern UFO era. "The first UFO came down in 1941 into the ocean west of San Diego, and was retrieved by the Navy." The Navy has held a leadership position in UFO matters ever since.

A more famous UFO crash followed in 1947, northwest of Roswell, New Mexico, and was retrieved by the Army Air Corps, as reported by Colonel Corso in his book, *The Day After Roswell*. Dr. Wolf confirms the truth of Corso's disclosures,

and added that LED (light-emitting diodes) and superconductivity are among the technologies which came from Roswell.

The U.S. was in possession of a Grey, dubbed "EBE" [Extraterrestrial Biological Entity], from 1948 until he died in 1953. Government scientists first communicated with him using pictographs.

About Col. Corso's book's ("The Day After Roswell: The Truth Revealed") alien-threat tone, Wolf commented that "it was co-author William Birnes who did the anti-alien gloss on Corso's manuscript," and that Colonel Corso did not personally view the extraterrestrials as enemy invaders.



Within months of the Roswell UFO crash, the Army Air Corps became the Air Force; the National Security Act was passed (partly to deal with the extraordinary secrecy the Administration felt UFOs required); and the CIA was created.

He personally pioneered a mental-expansion process he called "the Gateway Treatment", which "allows utilization of a vastly-increased percentage of the brain, in order for humans to mentally engage the extraterrestrials in full telepathic mental exchange." The Treatment involves "a way of opening the brain up, a way to stimulate the neurons. It allows

billions of synapses to form."

Another project Wolf was involved in was subatomic-particle physics research. Discoveries by Wolf were "utilized by my [Ph.D. dissertation-advising] professor to develop the neutral particle-beam weapon for the Star Wars program."

Drawing on information from his work in genetics research, Dr. Wolf revealed that the entire human genome has been mapped secretly by government scientists. (This contradicts current government press releases, which describe the completion date as early in the new century.)

He says that he has found an extraterres-

trial marker gene in some humans' genetic samples. Other humans do not have these ET marker genes. He went on to say, "I have found non-coding extraterrestrial genetic sequence genes in my own genetic material, more than the In-Betweens have. [The In-Betweens is Wolf's term for humans with hybrid ET-human genetics, due to ET intervention with their parents' reproductive material before the human was born.]

Wolf revealed that he has been around a research project where government scientists created human-extraterrestrial hybrids, attempting to replicate ET genetic engineering.

He explained the harvesting of tissue from so-called cattle mutilations "is to prepare organelles to adapt to human bodies, to filter out particulates that are killing us, as we pollute our planet." He said, "The 'Betweens' (human-ET hybrids) will help us, and will bring the organelles."

The ETs have other concerns, too. They discussed God and death with Wolf. And they pointed out that all worlds are connected. "One Hiroshima atomic bomb can affect millions of cultures in the galaxy." And they told him, "Thought is energy. It doesn't stop at a galactic 'barrier', and is received on other worlds."

Because of what he learned, Wolf stated, "We are at a crossroads. The issue is to give a viable future to our children." He notes, "Humans are beginning to change, to evolve, and are looking for spiritual roots. There is more to God than people get in church."

A fourth ultra-secret project, mentioned in Wolf's book, was a Department of Defense project having to do with cloning a human being, in order to create the perfect soldier who would obey orders without question. A General "Bunting" was in charge of that project. The clone turned out to have been born with ethical thinking, and intuitively knew that life was sacred. When the clone disobeyed a test order to kill an innocent dog, Wolf says that "the project officer ordered the clone 'terminated'. It was my judgment that the clone had a soul. So, instead, I blew up the building [containing the clone project]", and surreptitiously allowed the clone to escape.

Naturally, Wolf keeps aware of significant individuals and developments within the civilian UFO-investigation community. One such figure is former Army Command Sergeant-Major Robert Dean, who was assigned to NATO Headquarters in the 1960s. There Dean read NATO's secret Assessment of extraterrestrials. Wolf states that he "has seen that same Assessment."

Dr. Wolf also revealed that "the NSA and

CIA regularly provide the members of MJ-12 with tapes of major meetings of civilian UFO groups," for example, MUFON conferences. Some other notable UFO investigators who have talked with Dr. Wolf include Robert Bletchman, James Courant, Linda Moulton Howe, William Hamilton, Michael Hesemann and Dr. Steven Greer.

Some years ago documents were leaked purporting to constitute a Presidential Briefing for Jimmy Carter on extraterrestrial matters. Dr. Wolf affirmed that the information contained therein "is substantially true, but one page was missing from the leaked set. That page describes an individual of joint ET-human heritage, who emerged 2000 years ago to try to end human violence." When I proposed that the page was referring to Jesus, Wolf confirmed that identification.

Dr. Wolf describes various extraterrestrial races. "One race has orange skin, very large heads and large dark eyes with no irises or whites, and six-fingered hands. During dissection their brains have been found to have four brain lobes, different optic orbs and nerves, and a sponge-like digestive system. ET brains are more developed and connected, and have no corpus callosum."

He also described a race dubbed the Semitics, of average height and a generally human-like appearance, except for their very large hooked nose. "This was the race which landed at Holloman Air Force Base, [New Mexico, in the Sixties], and conversed with some generals there." Wolf also described a very human-appearing race called the Nordics. He said, "The Semitics and Nordics come from Altair 4 and 5 and from the Pleiades."

He noted, The extraterrestrials eat vegetation and mushrooms, and have different requirements. They absorb energy from the air and [certain] particulates. They don't absorb enough water to need to void; they process thoroughly." Wolf said that "cattle mutilations" tissue harvesting is not related to cloning, but rather is done to acquire nutrients for the hybrid fetuses the ETs create. Dr. Wolf noted

that embryonic fluid contains an anti-rejection factor. He is aware that not all cattle tissue harvesting is done by extraterrestrials; some is done by Special Forces teams.

Crop circles "were originated by extraterrestrials, and then badly copied by the military, using Strategic Defense Initiative weapons emitting a laser pulsed beam." Wolf noted that "with crop circles made by ETs, the plants, were still live and grew, [after being bent into pictographic patterns.] With SDI-weapon crop circles, the plants die. These SDI weapons are operated from a secret base in the Himalayas."

Concerning extraterrestrial contact, Dr. Wolf stated that the ET race commonly referred to as Zeta Reticulans, or Greys, have engaged in diplomatic negotiations with the U.S. Government. When I asked him which extraterrestrial races he worked with in government labs, he pointed out that the two illustrations on the covers of his book *Catchers of Heaven* are actual photographs of extraterrestrials taken by an Admiral friend of his.

The ET on the front cover is named K*L*T, (which Wolf phoneticizes to Kolta for convenience), is the extraterrestrial with whom Wolf has met most frequently, and is a Zeta Grey. The ET on the back cover is a human-appearing Pleiadean named Anon [Prince] Sa Ra.

In the course of his close association with extraterrestrials in scientific laboratories, Dr. Wolf was given a piece of extraterrestrial alloy by them. This alloy looked like melted silicon and has peculiar energy properties. It is 99.99% silicon, and .01% non-Earth isotopes. When he placed it in water and drank the water, it provided healthful benefits.

Wolf is convinced that it was psychotronic directed-energy devices which were directed by rogue elements within the UFO Cover-Up organization at certain UFO researchers pushing very strongly to end the UFO Cover-Up. These include: the Director of Committee for the Study of Extraterrestrial Intelligence (CSETI), Steven Greer, MD,

his principal assistant, Shari Adamiak, Congressman Steve Schiff, who demanded UFO documents from the Air Force, and USAF Col. Steve Wilson, who revealed his heading Project Pounce, the UFO retrieval unit. Already Colonel Wilson and Shari Adamiak have died of their cancers, and Congressman Schiff has had to terminate his political career.

Now Dr. Wolf has received a medical report which suggests a possibility that he may have cancer. It is not yet clear whether he will still have access to a certain extraterrestrial honey-like substance, which he took several years ago for his metastasized colon cancer, and which brought that episode into remission.

Concerning the famous 1947 Roswell UFO crash, Wolf states that "it was actual two UFOs which collided in midair" during an intense electrical storm. "One contained Orange ETs and the other Greys." One crash-landed near Corona, northwest of Roswell; the other crashed onto the Plains of San Agustin, over a hundred miles to the west. Army Intelligence units soon secured both sites and removed the craft and their mostly-dead ET crews.

Another later ET-military encounter recounted by Dr. Wolf was similarly grim. "An extraterrestrial on the ground had traveled from Fort Dix, New Jersey to [adjacent] McGuire Air Force Base, where he died on the tarmac."

When Dr. Wolf engaged in government-sponsored studies for his MD degree at McGill University, he engaged in research on neurotransmitters and their role in mental functioning and control. Among the secret projects Dr. Wolf worked on was Remote Viewing, a military/Intelligence term for applied clairvoyance. He said, "Ninety-nine percent of telepathy and remote-viewing research is classified."

Wolf went far beyond the crude Army Intelligence psi experiments of General Bert Stubblebine, Col. John Alexander and Major Ed Dames, and developed memory-extraction and memory-"capping" [suppression] techniques. Some of his findings were later incorporated into

the infamous MK-ULTRA mind control projects of the CIA, and used on captured KGB agents [to extract information]." He also worked in research on dolphins, which he called "ahighly-intelligent alien lifeform on this planet."

While Dr. Wolf was studying at MIT for his Ph.D. in physics, he "discovered a new theory of wave-particle duality, which led to the development of the neutral particle-beam Star Wars weapon." Because of these classified projects, his NSC bosses forbade him to identify his dissertation advisor professors, and MIT and McGill are forbidden to acknowledge that he studied there.

Having access to NSA and CIA information, Dr. Wolf revealed some secrets that he was not involved in. One, among the ugliest aspects of the Viet Nam War, was the U.S.'s Project Arc Light, "the bombing of already shot-down B-52s with Hellfire incendiary bombs, totally incinerating any survivor crewmen, in order to destroy the secret documents carried on the B-52s." President Bill Clinton told Michael Wolf that he learned about Project Arc Light while a student in England, and that it had deepened his opposition to the Viet Nam War.

Wolf also learned that the assassination of President Kennedy involved multiple parties and interests. "Many Cuban expatriates hated Kennedy for the Bay of Pigs invasion's failure. The Mafia hated JFK because of his brother, Attorney-General Robert Kennedy, 's relentless prosecutions of high-level mobsters. Hard-liners in CIA hated Kennedy, because he wanted to pull the U.S. out of an escalating war in Viet Nam, and because he wanted the CIA to disclose UFO information."

Wolf disclosed that famed scientist "Albert Einstein had contact with extraterrestrial intelligence." And that a more recent understanding of Zero-Point energy "has to do with a white hole-black hole scenario." The ETs told Wolf that the Void is filled with energy to be tapped. Wolf further stated that experiments by the U.S. Government using exotic technology "ripped holes in time."

Wolf worked briefly on assignment to the Mossad. He commented that "The Mossad [an Israeli intelligence organization] has very good relationships with the extraterrestrials."

Dr. Strecker's published research report, identifying HIV/AIDS as caused by a manmade virus, was correct according to Dr. Wolf. Furthermore, the government has learned that viruses are crystalline in structure, and that the correct frequency can destroy them.

Wolf also reported, "President Clinton has had a briefing on the Aurora [SR-33A] space plane," which operates out of Area 51. The Aurora "runs on liquid methane, and has antigravity on board," [information identical to what retired Air Force Colonel Donald Ware also passed on to this writer from a three-star general.] Wolf says that the Aurora goes the Stealth planes one better. "It carries an electro-magnetic-pulse weapons system on board, which can knock out tracking radar." He also disclosed, "It can go to the Moon!" And added a tantalizing further hint, "The U.S. has 'something' on Mars [besides the Rover]."

Wolf also revealed that the U.S. government is working on prototypes of extraterrestrial antigravity discs. He says that the extraterrestrials traverse the galaxy by manipulating space and time to pull their destination towards them. "Time is reduced to zero, and acceleration is increased to infinity." And that the military are experimenting on having pilots use their mind to guide an advanced plane. Some government scientists found that "some UFOs are living conveyances, and can divide and re-form." Those "living conveyances" are apparently also responsive to thought commands.

Wolf disclosed an incident on the Caribbean island of Puerto Rico, that occurred during the Bush Administration. "A UFO piloted by extraterrestrials, with F-16 fighter escort overhead, landed in a Puerto Rican community in 1990. The purpose of this exercise was to test the public reaction of a select portion of the American people." (Puerto Rico is U.S. territory.) The Mayor of the commu-

nity contacted President Bush, excitedly told the President that "extraterrestrials got out of the ship and walked around," and asked Bush what he should say to his citizens. Bush referred the inquiry to Dr. Wolf at MJ-12 to formulate a response for the mayor.

Concerning the U.S. government's slow pace of disclosure about UFO reality, Wolf commented, "The government is doing a balancing act, because if Free [Zero-Point] Energy and all the ET technology come out all at once, it'd hurt the stockholders [in obsolescent industries]. The multinational corporations don't want to lose their power." The last time Wolf heard a timetable from the government for frank disclosure of UFO reality was somewhere in the period of 2001-2005.

Dr. Michael Wolf is, for all his education and unique career, a generally modest man. He lives alone in a simple urban apartment. Wolf still grieves over the tragic deaths of a wife and son, Daniel, lost years ago. Facing twin terminal illnesses of spinal degeneration and a wasting disease, he is dedicated now to trying to help create a better world for the children.

To this end he has directed that all royalties from his books go to the Daniel Wolf Memorial Foundation For Children, Inc., a nonprofit 501(c)(3) organization. He says, "The children are the future." He looks forward to when the secrecy about extraterrestrial contact with Earth is stripped away, so that we, our children and grandchildren can move forward to the next phase of our history, now cosmic in scale.

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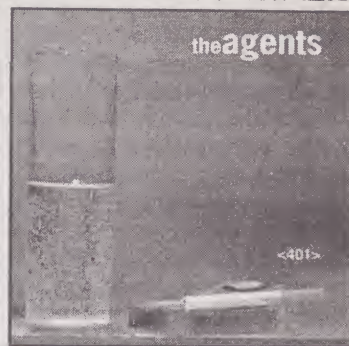
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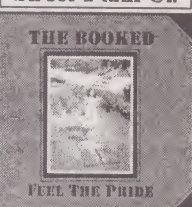
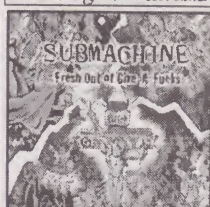
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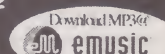
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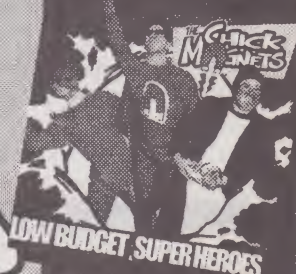
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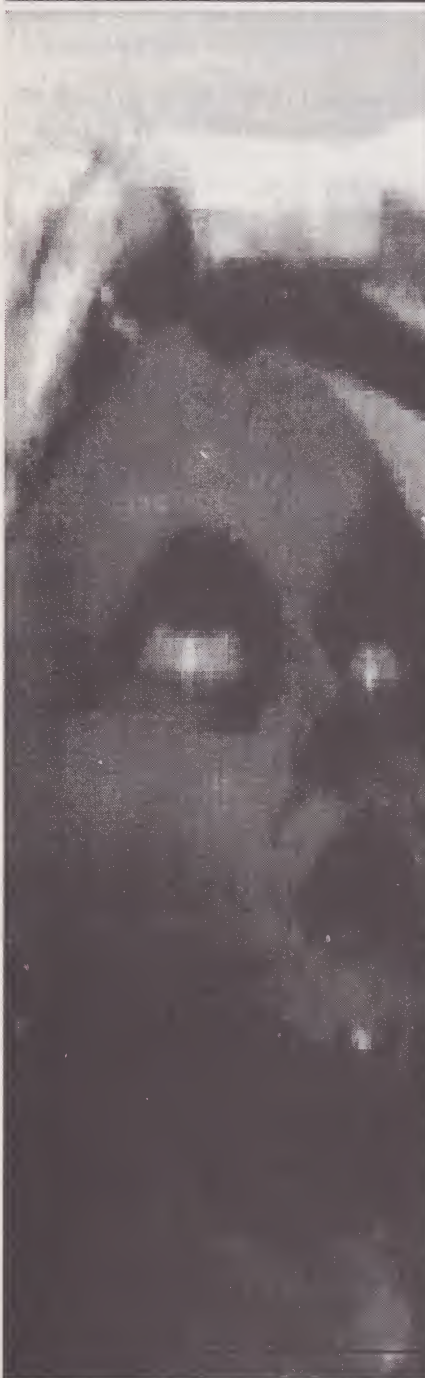
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OPERATION MAJORITY - CR-20M7/6.2

FILE: MTR/K-25 MWC/JL - AFMWC/1972USN



Operation Majority is the name of the operation responsible for every aspect, project and all consequences of Alien presence on earth.

MAJESTY was listed as the code name for the President of the United States for communications concerning this information.

GRUDGE contains 16 volumes of documented information collected from the beginning of the United States investigation of the Unidentified Flying Objects (UFO's) and Identified Alien Crafts (IACs). The project was funded by the CIA, (confidential funds, non-appropriated) and money from the illicit drug trade. (It was rumored in the higher echelon's of the Air Force that participation in the illegal drug trade was justified in that it would identify and eliminate the weak elements of our society.)

The purpose of **GRUDGE** was to collect all scientific, technological, medical and intelligence information from UFO & IAC sightings as well as contacts with Alien Life Forms. This orderly file of collected information has been used to advance the United States Air Force Space Program, (**ULTRA TOP SECRET**).

JASON SOCIETY (Jason Scholars) Former President Eisenhower commissioned a secret society known as the Jason Society (or Jason Scholars) under the leadership of the following; Director of Central Intelligence, Allen Welsh Dulles, Dr Zbigniew Brzezinski, President of the Trilateral Commission from 1973 until 1976, and Dr. Henry Kissenger, leader of the scientific effort, to sift through all the facts, evidence, technology, lies and deceptions and find the truth of the Alien question. The society was made up of thirty two (32) of the most prominent men in the USA.

MJ-12 is the name of the secret control group inside the Jason Society. The top 12 members of the 32 members of the Jason Society were designated as MJ-12. MJ-12 has control of everything. They are designated by the code J-1, J-2, J-3, etc. all the way through the members of the Jason Society. The director of Central Intelligence was appointed J-1 and is the Director of the MJ-12 group. MJ-12 use to only be responsible to the President of the United States (not true anymore).

The actual cost of funding the Alien connected projects is higher than anything you could imagine! Believe it or not, MJ-12 runs most of the worlds illegal drug trade. This was done to hide funding and thus keep the secret from congress and the people of the United States. It was justified in that it would identify and eliminate the weak and undesired elements of our society.

A secret meeting place was constructed for the MJ-12 group in Maryland and is only accessible by air. It contains full living, recreational, and other facilities for the MJ-12 group and the Jason Society. It is code named "The Country Club". The land for The Country Club was donated by the Rockefeller family. Only those with **ULTRA TOP SECRET - MAJI** clearances are allowed to go there.

MAJI - Majority Agency for Joint Intelligence. All information, disinformation, and intelligence is gathered and evaluated by this agency. This agency is responsible for all disinformation and operates in conjunction with the CIA, NSA, DIA, and the Office of Naval Intelligence. This is a very powerful organization and all Alien projects are under its control. MAJI is responsible only to MJ-12. MAJIC is the security classification and clearance of all Alien connected material, projects, and information.

MAJIC - means MAJI-controlled (MAJI plus Controlled = MAJIC)

NOTE: MJ-1 is the classification for the Director of MAJI, who is the Director of the CIA and reports only to the President. Other members of MAJI are designated MJ-2, MJ-3, etc. This is why there is some confusion about references of MJ-12, the group or MJ-12 the person.

* Designation for MJ-12, the group are MAJI or MAJIC

* Designation in official documents about MJ-12 means the person only.

In 1947, **PROJECT SIGN** was created to acquire as much information as possible about UFO's, their performance characteristics and their purposes. In order to preserve security, liaison between Project Sign and MJ-12 was limited to two individuals within the intelligence division of the Air Material Command whose roll was to pass along certain types of information through channels. Project Sign evolved Project Grudge in December of 1948. Project Grudge had an overt civilian counterpart named **PROJECT BLUE BOOK**, with which we are all familiar. Only "Safe" reports were passed to Project Blue Book.

MJ-12 was originally organized by General George C. Marshall in July 1947 to study the Roswell-Magdalena UFO crash recovery and debris. Admiral Hiltlenkoetter, director of the CIA from May 1, 1947 until September 1950, decided to activate the "Robertson Panel," which was designed to monitor civilian UFO study groups that were appearing all over the country. He also joined NICAP in 1956 and was chosen as a member of its board of directors. It was from this position that he was able to act as the MJ-12 "Mole", along with his team of other covert experts. They were able to steer NICAP in any direction they wanted to go.

With the "Flying Saucer Program" under complete control of MJ-12 and with the physical evidence hidden away, General Marshall felt more at ease with

this very bizarre situation. These men and their successors have most successfully kept most of the public fooled up to the present, including much of the western world, by setting up false experts and throwing their influence behind them to make their plan work, with considerable success until now.

Within 6 months of the Roswell crash on July 2, 1947 and the finding of another crashed UFO at San Augustine Flats near Magdalena, New Mexico on July 3, 1947, a great deal of reorganization of agencies and shuffling of people took place. The main thrust behind the original "Security Lid", and the very reason for its construction, was the analysis and attempted duplication of the technologies of the discs. The activity was headed up by the following groups.

* The Research and Development Board (R&DB)

* Air Force Research and Development (AFRD)

* The Office of Naval Research (ONR)

* CIA Office of Scientific Intelligence (CIA-OSI)

* NSA Office of Scientific Intelligence (NSA-OSI)

No single one of these groups knew the whole story. Each group was to know only the parts that MJ-12 allowed them to know. MJ-12 also operates through the various civilian intelligence and investigative groups. The CIA and FBI are manipulated by MJ-12 to carry out their purposes. The NSA was created in the first place to protect the secret of the recovered flying discs, and eventually got complete control over all communication intelligence. This control allows the NSA to monitor any individual through mail, telephone, telexes, telegrams, and now through on-line computers, monitoring private and personal communications as they may desire.

THE "MAJIC PROJECTS"

SIGMA is the project which first established communications with the Aliens and is responsible for communications.

PLATO is the project responsible for Diplomatic Relations with the Aliens. This project secured a formal treaty with the aliens.

AQUARIUS is the project which compiled the history of the Alien presence and interaction on Earth and the **HOMO SAPIENS**.

GARNET is the project responsible for control of all information and documents regarding the Alien subjects and accountability of their information and documents.

PLUTO is a project responsible for evaluating all UFO and IAC information pertaining to space technology.

POUNCE project was formed to recover all downed and/or crashed craft and Aliens. This project provided cover stories and operations to mask the true endeavor, whenever necessary. Covers which have been used were crashed experimental aircraft, construction, Mining, etc. This project has been successful and is ongoing today.

NRO is the National Reconnaissance Organization based at Fort Carson, Colorado. It's responsible for security on all Alien or Alien Spacecraft connected to the projects.

DELTA is the designation for the specific arm of NRO which is especially trained and tasked with security of all MAJI projects. It's a security team and task force from NRO especially trained to provide Alien tasked projects and LUNA security (Also has the CODE NAME: "Men In Black" [MIB]). This project is ongoing.

BLUE TEAM is the first project responsible for reaction and/or recovery of downed and/or crashed Alien craft and/or Aliens. This was a U.S. Air Force Material Command project. SIGN is the second project responsible for collection of intelligence and determining whether Alien presence constitutes a threat to the U.S. National Security. SIGN absorbed the BLUE TEAM project. This was a U.S.

Air Force and CIA project.

REDLIGHT was the project to test fly recovered Alien craft. This project was postponed after every attempt resulted in the destruction of the craft and death of the pilots. This project was carried out at AREA 51, Groom Lake, (Dreamland) in Nevada. Project REDLIGHT was resumed in 1972. This project has been partially successful. UFO sightings of craft accompanied by Black Helicopters are Project REDLIGHT assets. This project is now ongoing at AREA 51 in Nevada. (Believed to have moved to Mexico at this time for testing).

SNOWBIRD was established as a cover for Project Redlight. A "Flying Saucer" type aircraft was built using conventional technology. It was unveiled to the press and flown in public on several occasions. The purpose was to explain accidental sightings or disclosures of Redlight as having been Snowbird crafts. This was a very successful disinformation operation. This project is only activated when needed. This deception has not been used for many years. This project is

currently in mothballs, until it is needed again.

BLUE BOOK was a U.S. Air Force, UFO, and Alien Intelligence collection and disinformation project. This project was terminated and its collected information and duties were absorbed by project Aquarius. A classified report named "Grudge/Blue Book, Report Number 13" is the only significant information derived from the project and is unavailable to the public.

[End of Colonel Wilson's report.]

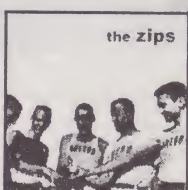
[Forwarded by Richard Boylan, Ph.D.]

Dr. Richard Boylan is a behavioral scientist, university instructor, certified clinical hypnotherapist, and researcher into extraterrestrial-human encounters.

Richard Boylan, Ph.D., LLC 2826 O Street, Suite 2, Sacramento, CA 95816, USA (916)455-0120 E-mail: drboylan@jps.net WEBSITE: www.jps.net/drboylan/ Dr. Boylan also

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SHORT TAKE ON ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS BANDS:

ANTI SEEN

Since 1983, South Carolina's ANTiSEEN has been tearing up beyond the world of drinking and being disorderly. Playing with GG Allin, I guess it leaves some kind of weird vibe on you. Members include Jeff Clayton and Joe Young. By Richard Tanana

Credo on flavor of the month attention on how festivals (i.e. South by South West) portray bands:

JEFF: I would think but not the bands we know.

After playing a smaller place like Mississippi, what is that scene like?

JEFF: You get all these young skinheads that spit on you on the stage. Some pacifist anti-Nazi started spitting on us because we cover a Ramones song. He

assumed it was a pro-nazi song. So what if it was a pro-nazi song? We got the right to say whatever we want. He decided he was gonna jump on stage. He got his ass beat down pretty bad. He repaid us by throwing a brick through our window of our tour van. Just because we were playing a Ramones song.

When is the next release?

JOE: We got half a CD recorded right now.

(Editors Note: Man's Ruin has released remastered early nineties releases, "Southern Hostility" and "Eat More Possum").

Closest been to Canada:

J: We might have played a few miles

away in Washington state.

In summary:



JEFF: There are a lot of misconceptions about us. We ain't preaching nothing. We just put on a show. People can think what they want and say what they want. It's been 17 years

going now. We are not getting free easing now. We are not a political band by no means.



Vinyl Views

AGAINST ALL AUTHORITY 24 Hour Road Assistance (Hopeless)

I think it's fair to say that skacore

bands as of late, whatever more or less prevalent, seem to be opting for a more punk drive with horns becoming more scant, AAA come off as a slightly less frantic Out of Order but fans of Less Than Jake, Assorted Jellybeans and MU330 will still like this. The last song ends with 2.5 min psa. !! Hamish

DAVIE ALLAN AND THE ARROWS Fuzz Fest (Total Energy) Davie Allan contributed to 60's biker soundtracks "Wild Angels, Devil's Angels," and other classics. That in itself automatically qualifies him for a (!!!) review. Davie Allan also has some of the coolest goddamn song

titles: "Malfunction in Sector 9, Hell-dorado," and "Open Throttle." (!!!!) What's more, Davie Allan is THE self-proclaimed, undisputed king of the fuzz guitar. This cd more than readily backs up his claim to royalty, and wins him a place in the pantheon of other guitar greats Link Wray and Dick Dale. !!!!! Jack Link

ALOHA That's Your Fire (Polyvinyl) Draggy and dreamy Cleveland prog-rockish quartet who heavily mix free jazz/breakdowns with melodic ballads. While I have no problems with the jazz aspect, the rather slow pace made this quite monotonous and pretty much put to me sleep. ! Hamish.

AMERICANFOOTBALL s/t (Polyvinyl) Certainly nothing jock here as the name might imply. This label has a thing for dreamish, soft,

lifting ballads designed to tug at the heart. These guys are no exception albeit on a more emo front than Aloha. Just got back together with the girlfriend? Need a soundtrack for sweet loving and great make up sex? Look no further. !! Hamish

BIG, BIG FURNACE S/T (CRUSTACEAN) Normally I'm a sucker for sappy pop songs. However, Big, Big Furnace (new name please) seem to be going through the motions without much emotion, energy or direction. Six songs isn't much of a taste though, and given time they could surprise even the most cynical.!!5 Steve Servos

BLACK HEART PROCESSION 3 (Touch and Go) There is a beautiful sadness, a magnificent melancholy to the gloomy tones of Black Heart Procession. Lost love is

Vinyl Views



the main theme, and there is no hope of it coming back. The background droning of organ and synth make perfect accompaniment for simple, downbeat guitar weepers. !!!5 Tom Schulte.

JEREMY BOYLE *Songs from the Guitar Solos (Southern)* Six tracks of quiet, minimalist electronic trance (II named after groups: Kiss, Van Halen, Sabbath, AC/DC, Zeppelin, and Hendrix). The title suggests compositions created from the instrumentation of the aforementioned groups and that very well be the case but there is nothing remotely distinguishable or recognizable on that basis. This music would certainly find a home as background music on any documentary pertaining to the Solar System. Jeremy by the way is in Joan of Arc. !! Hamish.

BRAID *Movie Music Vol. One (Polyvinyl)* Brooding, ominous emo that balances melodic and aggressive excellently. Sadly, these guys are no longer but this final posthumous release is 17 tracks pulled from 7"s and split singles along with an unreleased track. If your taste spans emo on the slightly angrier side of Hot Water Music, this would definitely not disappoint. !!!! Hamish

CALEXICO *Hot Raji (Quarterstick)* This record opens with a Mexican style surf instrumental complete with wailing trumpet and gets more wild from there. The duo that makes up Calexico have created a wonderfully rich pop record with so many layers (both instrumentally and vocally) that you have to sit up and take notice. Yo La Tengo fans will definitely appreciate this record. !!!!! Steve Servos.

CAMERA OBSCURA *To Change The Shape of An Envelope (Troubleman Unlimited)* Musically, this is stellar and pays heavy homage to Huggy Bear. Dual male/female vocals with

the male in the flattened inaudible style and the female vocals in a low mode buried beneath a wall of sound. If the singing was clearer, I would of liked this so much more. I won't count them out and I hope there's room for improvement on that one factor alone. !!!5 Hamish.

THE CHICK MAGNETS *Low Budget Superheroes (Crusty)* Clever? Hardly. Original? Absolutely not. Foolish? Damn straight. Listenable? I guess that's up to me to decide for you the readers, but really, what does it matter? This album is a shameless, laughable exercise in self-deprecation, from the lyrics right down to the stupefyingly crud graphics. They even mutilated pop dead-ender Del Shannon's "Hats off to Larry." Is nothing sacred anymore? You want to just crush these clowns under your heel but their hang dog expressions and underlyingly sad songs drive you to spit on them instead. !! Jack Link

CORPUSSE *Surrender To The Passion (Total Zero)* For those of you outside of TO, I'll have to explain something about CORPUSSE. This is a one-man band (for the most part) but without the music. I'm not sure what you'd call it. Much of this album comes off as funeral music, with bizarre, poetic ranting and raving over top. I won't recommend this CD to anyone, but perhaps those of you into the artier side of things will find something in it. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to have a little meeting with my editor. !!5-Aaron Lupton

DAGGERS *Lock Up Your Daughters (Unity Squad)* Straight forward driving punk rock ala Iggy and The Stooges. Naturally alcohol and chicks figure prominently. They cover Aerosmith's "Mama Kin" and peppered throughout and micro-bits of movie filler. !!5 Hamish.

DARKEST HOUR The mark of the Judas (M.I.A.)

Tormented black metal that compromises atmosphere for an added touch of brutality. This comes with high recommendations for fans of Eulogy-type hardcore. I was surprised to hear an album like this on MIA, but it was a pleasant surprise nonetheless. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

THE DEAD END CRUISERS The Patron Saints of Wheelless Lane (Unity Squad Records)

My hat's off to the D.E.C. Their song-writing has definitely matured and improved since their last release. The grandiose, Morricone-style intro may be a bit misleading at first, but after experiencing their songs, you too will be cheering for these rag tag heroes as they equally pour out from their hearts and liquor bottles excellent tales of love, loss, and of course, booze. !!!!! Jack Link

DISASSOCIATE Imperfect World (M.I.A.)

Man, this album was just plain hard to get through. Sloppy musicianship with absolutely grating vocals. Even the most die hard of hardcore fans won't get off on this album, as the overall impression is of a band just not willing to make an effort. !-Aaron Lupton

DOOMSDAY DEVICE Family Pride (Industrial Strength Records)

I had low expectations for this album, but there are actually some pretty kick ass tracks on Family Pride. Heavy metal riffing with pure hardcore punk ferocity makes for an energetic romp to the center of the ring. The album occasionally regresses into punk rock generics, but overall it's a good hardcore boot to the head. !!!5-Aaron Lupton

THE DRAGONS *Live at the Casbah (Junk)* Fucking spectacular, one of the best live albums you'll



Vinyl Views

ever hear. With decent production values, snappy alcohol-fueled stage patter, and of course the music.

I've never heard The Dragons' previous albums, though personally, their studio recordings may seem redundant. There's no way any studio release could harness the ferocious energy tearing through the Casbah that night. And for all the crusty old folks, the band cover classics by The Ramones, Joan Jett, and the New York Dolls. !!!!! Jack Link

DROPKICK MURPHYS The Singles Collection '96-'97 (Hellcat Records) If you're only a fan of the 'MURPHYS recent offerings, don't bother with this one. But if you're a collector geek with little \$ (such as myself) then this CD is essential. All of the DROPKICK MURPHYS material with Mike McColgan (with the exception of 2 full lengths) is covered here, so raise your Guinness to 24 tracks of oi! swillin' fun. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

eARTHLINGS? Human Beans (Man's Ruin)

eARTHLINGS? is what I call "post-electro." This group rethinks rock possibilities after the suggestions of electronica. So, on compositions like the disembodied "Ground Control" they remind us electronica gave us an organic, ambient approach to music. On their version of "Johnny B. Goode" they exhibit that the visceral rhythms of basic rock-n-roll ally with the pulsing club beat. These songs, inspired by long desert nights vary in mood from dark and somber to bright and cheerful. !!!5 Tom Schulte

E.TOWN CONCRETE The Second Coming (Triple Crown Records) I didn't like E.TOWN CONCRETE's first record, and I don't like this one much more.

Although the heaviness and brutality are stronger, the hip-hop segments are more poignant than ever. Call me close-minded but I just can't get into it. If they stuck to the hardcore that they do best they'd actually kick some ass, but as it stands now I really don't think underground hardcore needs another LIMP BIZKIT. !5-Aaron Lupton

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS Life On The Line (Captain Oi!) Avoid this one like you did the last one. The track 'Do Anything You Wanna Do' was the band's swan song and probably their most popular track due to DIE TOTEN HOSEN's covering of it. Better than Teenage Depression, but still not really worth checking out. !!5-Aaron Lupton

EGGHEAD Dumb Songs For Smart People (Mutant Pop) Two words come to mind while listening to this: Angry Somoans. The vocals aren't far off and the lyrics are dorky and humorous as they largely deal with the dilemma of girls on the mind. These 14 tracks are the culmination of 7"s, an Ep, and some unreleased material. At times nasally and fast but of course fun. !!5 Hamish.

EVANCE/? (H.G. Fact) H.G. Fact are known for putting out some truly twisted punk rock, and EVANCE are no exception. Not as insane as SENSELESS APOCALYPSE, but still pretty intense. This is actually a split CD with a band whose name I cannot pronounce or write as it is in Japanese. Suffice it to say that both bands are virtually identical, so pick this one up. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

FOUR LETTER WORD Zero Visibility (Experiments with Truth) (BYO) How is it that the same label which gave us 7 SECONDS, YOUTH BRIGADE, and BATTALION OF SAINTS has seemingly fallen? It's not that these British

mellow punk bands aren't any good, it's just that they all come off equally dull. Taking away the speed and energy of punk isn't inherently bad, it's just that it forces you to find something to replace it with. FLW haven't found that something special yet, so you'd do your best to avoid this one. !!-Aaron Lupton

14 ALL (HG Fact) A five song EP of forgettable Japanese punk rock. Hard, raw, and angry, but forgettable nonetheless. The lyrics and album title are in Japanese, so I don't know what the hell is going on with this one. !!-Aaron Lupton

GARRISON A Mile In Cold Water (Revelation) Great harmonic and melodic Boston emcore. Splashes of indie pop mix well with the introspective and abstract lyrics. Fans of Jawbox and Quicksand take note, this fuckin' rocks! !!!!! Hamish.

GENITAL TORTURE (H.G. Fact) Hands down the worst album I have ever heard in my life. The band advertises themselves as 'urge grind shock!' Evidently produced on a pension check, this album sounds as though it were recorded via screaming at a blank tape. Something like 99 tracks of fuzzy distortion, each about 3 seconds long. This is worse than ANAL CUNT. Way worse. -0-Aaron Lupton

GODS REFLEX Scenes from A Motel (Johanns Face) Moody emo in the vein of Braid and Piebald. Smooth, easy raw vocals that pull the music into crescendo. !!!! Hamish.

GOVERNMENT ISSUE Complete History Volume One (Dr. Strange) GOVERNMENT ISSUE have gone unnoticed in the history of punk rock, but there is no doubt that this early DC hardcore band made some great music. The

Vinyl Views



group's legacy has probably been documented best by the fact that Brian Baker played on the first Ep and both Baker and fellow Minor Threatite Ian Mackay often played the role of producer on future releases. Here is two discs, 80 tracks of material from 1982-85. An absolutely essential addition to your punk rock library. !!!!.5-Aaron Lupton

GROTTO Get a Hustle (Modern Radio) Grotto's newest consists of gloomy, minor key hard rock. Yet, the tuneless, pinched vocals are buried so deep in the mix they're virtually non-existent. I remain non-plussed. However, my 3 1/2 year old daughter kinda liked it. So really, what the fuck do I know? !! Jack Link

HOMEMADE What Were We Getting Into, Before We Got Into This? (Theologian Records) Here's a good question, when is new skool going to stop being new skool? I mean, this music has been around since at least the late 80s, and it hasn't progressed yet. Pretty soon, punk rock will have to make way for the new new skool, then bands like HOMEMADE will have to be called middle skool. Then we'll learn our lessons. I'll shut up now. !!.5-Aaron Lupton

THE HONOR SYSTEM Single File (ASIAN MAN) Fitting comfortably into a post-punk category, the Honor System are a tight, intense band, that can rock out with the best of them. Falling close to groups like Alkaline Trio and the Dismemberment Plan, there is a intensity in all of their songs which leaves you wishing for more. Nice. !!!! Steve Servos.

HUNG UP Runnin' Out (Crack Records) A mix of new skool punk and lightweight hardcore, similar to PENNYWISE and the like. This CD has the definite sound of a young band, but it ain't half bad and

quite a bit of potential is shown. Pick this up, wait, and see what happens. !!!-Aaron Lupton

HUNGRY GHOSTS Alone, Alone (Smells Like Records) "Alone, Alone" is an album of patient, soulful instrumental dread that is fitting considering this group heralds from Australia. That island continent's outback and the idea of vast expanses and incurable loneliness convey the mood captured on this album. There is something about this album that smacks of a need for a desolate spaghetti western scene. Also, there is the distant thunder of an underlying art-noise. These elements caught the attention of Sonic Youth while on tour in Australia. SY invited the group back to New York to record this album. !!!5 Tom Schulte

I FARM/OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN (Traffic Violation Records) Originally released as a 7inch in 1998, this CD EP combines two hardworking punk bands. I remember I FARM as a combination of crust punk and melody in the vein of I SPY, and this EP indicates that little has changed. OPERATION CLIFF CLAVIN are humorous but get old fast. Not bad, as far as DIY style punk goes. !!!-Aaron Lupton

THE INCITERS! Doing fine (JUMP) Oh yea, eleven piece band complete with four horn players and three female vocalists. The result is a heavy soul record with a lot of edge. For fans of the Adjusters and soul-ska groups, the Inciters better already be in your collection and if not, you're missing out on a group that doesn't simply hide behind the up-stroke guitars and 'pick it ups' so common in ska these days. This group can really play and should provide new energy to a scene quickly growing stale with an overabundance of bands. !!!!.5 Steve Servos.

JAG OFFS/FOUR LETTER

WORDS (Recess) One of the worst punk albums I have heard in recent times, this CD combines two bands that suck just as much as each other. The JAG OFFS play weak, badly produced idiotic generic punk. Don't even worry about FLW. By the way, FOUR LETTER WORDS have no known relation to the BYO band of the same name. !-Aaron Lupton

JAZZ JUNE The Medicine (Initial) Tight and at times pounding PA emocore that borders chaotic is still held in place by rhythmic poppy structure. This album has a darker feel than past releases. Fans of Promise Ring and Bad Life will dig this. !!!! Hamish.

THE JIMMIES Let the Fat Men Plunder (Panic Button/Lookout) These guys look like they could beat you to a pulp if you so much as make eye contact. Yet their songs belie a, dare I say it, longing, wistful side. I imagine these fine gentlemen sandwiching clandestine Romantic poetry readings between beer and brawling. Musically, they play deceptively simple tunes. I was pleasantly surprised by the wide emotional range and, when you shell out your hard earned bucks for this release, you will be too. !!! Jack Link

KING FOR A DAY Before I Go (Initial) Ex-members of Roosevelt Inaugural Parade. Catchy melodic emo akin to Get Up Kids and Elliot, Mineral and with screamy traces of Hot Water Music and Boy Sets Fire. A fine solid album. !!!!.5 Hamish.

KRAKATOA Channel Static Blackout (Second Nature) Seven tracks of tortured, throat bleeding metalcore. Ex-member of Threadbane and Harvest play early and VERT



Vinyl Views

Iron Maiden-sh music that'll appeal to fans of Hatebreed, Earth Crisis, and By The Grace of God. !!!

Hamish.

LAGER LADS The Good and The Bad (Blind Beggar Records) Actually, this CD contains only the bad. These guys have built themselves a decent following in the Canadian oi! community, but I'm not sure why. Slow, boring, moon-stompin' skinhead stupidity. Once again, avoid. !-Aaron Lupton-

LEATHERFACE Horsebox (BYO) Melodic, poppy punk rock with singer Frankie's vocals still hoarse, gruff, and scrapey as ever. Musically, this is quite Husker Du, energetic and upbeat. It's cool to see these Brits still around. Other than the misfired cover of Cyndi Lauper and Nick Cave, everything here moves at a great pace. !!!5 Hamish.

LOS INFERNOS Rock 'n' Roll Nightmare (Alternative Tentacles) Social Distortion type rock: hard driving punk and a hefty amount of ass kicking rockabilly. It works quite nicely. If you are a fan of any of the references above, you won't go wrong with Los Infernos' newest...well, the hidden Bon Jovi-esque power ballad might sink it for you. !!! Jack Link

THE LURKERS The BBC Punk Sessions (Captain Oi!) THE LURKERS were fun, poppy, and sounded a lot like the RAMONES. Yet they lacked that self-conscious genius that the RAMONES possessed, and as a result, tended to meld into the background of early punk rock. Here are 21 tracks of late seventies material by a band that will always be remembered as being decent at best. !!-Aaron Lupton

MAD PARADE God Bless America (DR STRANGE) Around since the mid 80's Mad Parade have, over the years, continued to play their own brand of socially conscious punk rock. The new record, does much of the same. They're fed up with how things are, and they aren't afraid to tell you about the problems. A little cliché, but an opinion non-the-less. !!! Steve Servos

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN? Spectrums of Infinite Space (Touch and Go) For a few recent albums, Man or Astro-Man? wallowed in an instrumental, post-surf limbo. Now, they are back better than ever. Incorporating the best elements of instrumental rock and their signature space "audities." The group goes now into deep space. This album is much more percussive and deeply rhythmic than previous efforts. Here the group jumps on a dinosaur circuit board and surfs solar flares to bring back alien sounds and riffs. !!!! Steve Servos.

CRAIG MARKEL Verses on Venus (Magwheel) Combining the ballads of Ween, Lenny Kravitz, and Beck all in a blender might seem like an interesting idea, but it's a hell of a lot worse when the horrific outcome just doesn't work. This needs to be buried in some crappy indie flick's soundtrack. 0. Hamish.

MEANWHILE Same Shit New Millennium (Sound Pollution) Hardcore crust punk/metal that is very similar to the DISCHARGE/BROKEN BONES sound. This is sickening, hate-filled punk, perfect for hangovers. A fight 'til death, from beginning to end. !!!!-Aaron Lupton

MENACE Live in Bermondsey (Vinyl Japan) Brit punk completists will want to add this to their collection. Late seventies punk band stir up the ashes and resurrect themselves for this live album. Their

songs have held up remarkably well. A little on the sloppy side, but still infectious. Dig their crazy take of Tom Jones' "It's Not Unusual." !!! Jack Link

THE MEN OF PORN Porn American Style (Man's Ruin Records) Mr. Kozik is up to his old tricks again with the release of this ultra fuzzy, ultra slow instant stoner rock classic. The opening track is over 15 minutes long, and from there on it's a trip through smoky haze, weird hallucinations, sludge, and doom. Not pushing any boundaries, but great Sunday afternoon music. !!!!-Aaron Lupton

MILEMAKER Changing Car-ing Humans (Stickfigure Records) This sort of music is really starting to get on my nerves. Emocore with harsh vocals was a good idea, but the novelty has worn off, and I'd really rather hear a band doing what they do best. Of course these guys are no ordinary band, mixing jazz and other weirdness into their music, but unless you're really looking for as something different, I'd ignore this one. !!-Aaron Lupton

MY COMPLEX If We Keep Moving (Headhunter/Cargo) Is it possible for vocals to overshoot the music? These guys play thrashy, metallic West Coast punk. Some good mosh breakdowns but singer Alan needs to allow himself to come up for air. Nice emo leanings though. !.5 Hamish.

NATIONAL ACROBAT For All Practical Purposes Is Dead (Arise) Louisville spazzcore, math and noise unit. I hear elements of Fro-dus, 108/Judas Factor, and definitely Refused. This is fuckin' inventive, merciless, rhythmic, and chaotic all at once. How often does creative hardcore experiment with instrumental soundscapes and guitar looping? There's nothing wrong with that but

Vinyl Views



track 8 was 7 minutes of total silence (for accommodation of what could have been 2-3 more songs) and the looping was another 11 minutes (at best another 5 songs). Had this monotony not have been the only single annoyance, this could have been truly amazing album. Still, I'm keeping my eyes on these guys. Incredible, impressive. !!!! Hamish.

THE NEATBEATS *Mercurial (Get Hip)* Dig it hepcats. Japan's Neatbeats have that groovy sixties style down pat. For those among you (if any) who cruise to the sleek sounds of The Zombies or The Swinging Medallions on the oldies AM dial, pop this into your car disc player. You won't notice the difference, save for the lack of "name our car" contests and Don Cherry hawking car insurance in between tunes. Far out. !!!! Jack Link

NERF HERDER *How to Meet Girls (Honest Don's)* Remember that guy in the back of your high school classes who smelled real bad, dressed real bad, and barely escaped a daily beating by acting like such a jack-ass that he kept all his would be executioners in stitches? If you can relate, you'll probably laugh along to the latest from the Bare Naked Ladies of punkdom. And just so you know, there's a darker, malevolent side of me that really goes ga ga for Weird Al and the Bare Naked ones, hence the split review. !!!!! Jack Link

THE NERVE AGENTS *Days Of The White Owl (Revelation Records)* Now here's the stuff I like. Hardcore punk rock inspired not only by tons o' energy and politics, but horror. That's right, these guys are carrying the death-rock banner high and proud, as is especially evidenced by their cover of Evil by 45 GRAVE. Those of you who feel AFI is doing something really cool and not simply ripping off bad metal, go for this album. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

98 MUTE *Slow Motion Riot (Epitaph)* I'm not really sure why Epitaph chose to sign this band. Don't get me wrong, these guys are doing a great job with the high-energy new skool punk thing, especially with the addition of raunchier vocals. It's just that they don't necessarily stand out from the pack, and considering Epitaph's clout, you'd think they'd be pretty choosy with their bands. Oh well, who gives a shit what label it's on, if it rocks it rocks. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

NOMEANSNO *One (Alternative Tentacles)* While Nomeansno have yet to reach the high water mark they did with "Wrong," "One" comes pretty close. Their music is intense and heavy collegiate punk. They come right at the listener, intent on convincing them, bodily, if necessary of their honesty and urgency. The simple elements of their impressive sonic aura is heavily pounding drums and rhythmic guitar ready to bring forth bursts of noise. This album concludes with two stunning covers that only make sense coming from Nomeansno. First is the dark side of the Ramones, "Beat on the Brat" and a version of Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew" with lyrics that, while fitting, are guaranteed never to receive airplay. !!!5 Tom Schulte

NO REDEEMING SOCIAL VALUE *THC (Triple Crown Records)* Porno punks NRSV are back and disgusting as ever, delivering 18 more tracks of 80s style hardcore/metal crossover bands a la MOD. This CD is a big fuck off to the moral majority as well as a good head banging time, so turn it up and piss off your parents. Or your roommates, or your Rabbi. !!!!-Aaron Lupton

NO REST FOR THE DEAD *The End Of Space (Deaf American Recordings)* Death metal brutality, stoner groove. Make no mis-

take though, this ain't no **SIX FEET UNDER**, and **NO REST FOR THE DEAD** HAVE their roots firmly in the 70s rock genre. Still NRFTD offer new ways to be crushed, which is a welcome commodity for any hardcore fan. !!!-Aaron Lupton

THE NO TWO COMBO *From the Battle in Seattle (Alternative Tentacles)* This release deserves a !!!! just for the vastly informative, passionate liner notes, covering the events of the WTO summit in Seattle last November. Unfamiliar with what happened? Don't be. This is truly evil, and even a lazy, cynical dickhead like myself felt a shiver of guilt at my own apathy. As for the music, it's a live protest concert, and a damn good one. Jello Biafra's spoken word piece, heightened by the events of the last few days, bristles with more energy and anger than usual. !!!! Jack Link

100 DEMONS *In The Eyes Of The Lord (Goodlife Recordings)* Oh yeah baby, Goodlife is back with a new way to obliterate us into nothingness: 100 DEMONS! This band is surprising stronger in its leanings toward hardcore, staying away from extreme metal when at all possible. Those of you who love the pit as much as I do, would do well to pick up this little gem. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

ONE KING DOWN *Gravity Wins Again (Equal Vision Records)* Although I love that album title, I feel obliged to add that OKD aren't nearly as heavy as they advertise themselves to be, although their live show may say otherwise. This CD contains 3 new songs as well as four tracks from the band's first CD. All the rage, all the beauty, all the inspiration that you've come to expect from this band is as present as ever on Gravity Wins Again. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton



Vinyl Views

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OUTCOLD Two Broken Hearts Are Better Than

One (Kangaroo Records)

OUTCOLD are one of Boston's best known hardcore acts, standing the test of time while refusing to give into the new direction of metallic hardcore. On their latest of numerous albums, OUTCOLD prove that pure energy and confused rage can still get the job done even if you're not doing anything new. Fans of 80s hardcore punk rock will fall in love with these guys. !!!5-Aaron Lupton

OVER IT The Ready Series (Negative Progression)

Speedy Virginia punk quartet. This is a tight outfit and the nasally tone and guitar whirl have a very infectious LIFETIME influence. Poppy, heavy, and very very good. !!!5 Hamish.

PHANTOM SHIFTERS Given Half A Chance, We'll Wreck It For Everybody (Gas Records) PS play some kick ass rock n' roll, but are not as heavy as they profess. Good music to get wasted to. File between MOTORHEAD and NEW BOMB TURKS. !!!-Aaron Lupton

PLASTIC CONSTELLATIONS We Got The Movement (Pre-tentious) Swirling emo rock that briefly starts off slow and quickly builds into forceful guitar aggression. Picture a less chaotic but more rumbling Sonic Youth and Huggy Bear. This is an 8 song EP. Soft, moody, and very angular and Dischord-ish. !!5 Hamish.

PRESCRIPTIONS Why We Don't Rent To Women (Johanns Face) Female trio of alternative/emo rock. Great vocals and along the lines of Red Aunts or Slant 6 but with enough of a poppy structure that could appeal to Buffalo Daughter and Cibo Matto fans and dare I say

make equivalents of Knapsack and J Church. !!! Hamish.

QUAGMIRE The Senator EP (Car Crash) Four songs of ominous, sludgy pounding rock ala Shallow North Dakota and without the vocal homicide of the Kittens. This should also pull in Jesus Lizard fans. !!5 Hamish

QUEERS Beyond The Valley of The Assfuckers (Hopeless) Ramones, Screeching Weasel, and Beach Boys pop punk. This seems angrier than the last few efforts as Nazis, vegans, and hypocrites are attacked. And let's not forget the fixation on the girls ("My Cunt's a Cunt", "Just Say Cunt"). I think you know what to expect. !!5 Hamish.

RED ROSES FOR A BLUE LADY The Return To Melancholy (Eulogy) This is a pretty disturbing album. Completely pulverizing riffs and dance material, set to the tune of some kids who've obviously had their hearts broken in the past. Lots of black metal adds to the insanity, while creepy breakdowns create an eerie atmosphere. Think hardcore is generic? Think metal is cheesy? Buy this record. You may change or mind. !!!!!!-Aaron Lupton

REGGIE AND THE FULL EFFECT Promotional Copy (Vagrant) Some hard edged pop and punk which is all about experimenting. These guys utilize an electro sound and also incorporate an 80s New Wave fell at times mixed with some heavy mosh breakdowns and some turntable scratching. It's all held in place with slightly Blink 182 vocals but don't let that scare you off as this overall has a very demented Weezer feel which very much works. The dance beats make for some funny mockery. There's a great sense of humor all over this. !!!! Hamish.

REPRISAL Boundless Human Stupidity (Good Life

Recordings) The heaviest, most supremely ultra destructive piece of malevolent detonation of which I have ever been victim. Black and death metal, but hardcore in every way. If your definition of heavy is EARTH CRISIS, take this as your warning, REPRISAL buries EVERYONE. !!!!!!-Aaron Lupton

RIGHT DIRECTION Bury The Hatchet (Victory Records)

This is a funny name for this band, as RIGHT DIRECTION are seemingly lacking in direction. Obviously digging up the retro hardcore of acts like YOUTH OF TODAY and THE MOB, this German old-school hardcore band throws in some weird pop songs that sound as though they are leftovers from a day when the band were dedicated to a different sound. An overall average band (with funny lyrics due to the translation) but I'm not sure what they are doing on Victory. !!!-Aaron Lupton

ROAD RAGE Nothin' to Declare (Radical Records) A fine U.K. import that's chock full of everything good about British punk: stripped down musicianship, cheeky social commentary, rowdy drinking songs, and of course, "oi oi oi" working class aggression. A healthy, refreshing breather from the whiny teenage shits proliferating punk rock nowadays. !!!! Jack Link

RUBBISH HEAP (Conspiracy Records) I wasn't expecting much, but I liked this album a lot. RUBBISH HEAP are a new level of hardcore that is highly technical, brutally heavy and faster, while somehow maintaining an atmospheric, easy listening edge. Similar to DROWNING MAN, this will be a sure winner with fans of the new skool of hardcore. !!!!!!-Aaron Lupton

RUN DEVIL RUN Sinking Deeper (Victory Records) Another of Victory's newest, RDR are an old skool hardcore group with

Vinyl Views



heavy leanings toward GORILLA BISCUITS, as is particularly evident on the band's cover of Stand Still. Worthy of note is that this band is a Hare Krishna HC band. Perhaps Victory are hoping Hare Krishna will take over from straightedge as the dominant subculture within the subculture of hardcore. Other than that, RUN DEVIL RUN are goo but very predictable hardcore. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

RUTH'S HAT Bye Bye Love (Mutant Pop) Resistance is waning. First the Chick Magnets, then Nerf Herder, now this...must fight...against...punk...pop! Arrrgh!!! But seriously folks, these boys have their hearts in the right place: 50's style bubblegum with crunchy punk riffs. You can do a hell of a lot worse (see Chick Magnets). !!! Jack Link

SEAN NA NA Dance Til Your Baby is Your man (Troubleman Unlimited) Cute, huffy, heart on my sleeve sad boy indie emo pop ("Unicorns", "Gray Clouds", "Lonely Moon"). Picture a more ballady Beck and Elliot Smith and just imagine all of the girls at the front of the stage. Boo hoo acoustic love and romance. Big deal. 0 Hamish

SET UP The Short Album (Wolf's Den Project) Rock n roll from Japan with a heavy Kiss influence, and occasional leanings on punk rock. The overall impression is a band lacking in direction, sign of an early start. I can't really see an album like this holding much appeal for anyone, but I get the feeling it is so obscure you won't be able to find it anywhere anyway. !!-Aaron Lupton

SCISSORFIGHT New Hampshire (Tortuga Recordings) More white trash rock n' roll about New England horror from SCISSORFIGHT. A unique band, in combining horror with a sound more akin to stoners than devolved punks. These

guys are doing everything right as far as rock is concerned, and are heavy as a monster truck. Give me a hell yeah! !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

SEA MONKIES: Secret Sign (EERIE RECORDS) Classy, fun, punk rock. It's hard to listen to this record, complete with what sound like monkey screams and not rawk out. I have been won over by the mantra of the Sea Monkeys, "ask not what the Sea Monkey's can do for you just get everyone you know to buy this record." The Sea Monkey's don't take themselves too seriously which only adds to their charm. !!!! Steve Servos.

SHAI HULUD & ANOTHER VICTIM (Trustkill) There has been a lot of hype about SHAI HULUD, but this offering doesn't give any forewarnings of a revolutionary band in hardcore. One original track that combines SNAPCASE and JUDGE, as well as 2 unique covers of Anesthesia and Linoleum. ANOTHER VICTIM is the better of the two, a mixture of STRIFE-style rage with more style and breakdowns. A good metal core record, but not amazing. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

SHAM 69 Rarities 1977-80 (Captain Oi!) The real rarity about this CD is that it is a SHAM 69 collection without "If The Kids are United." I was actually quite surprised listening to this album as it is far mellower than I remember the band being, especially considering the legacy of violence surrounding them. I'm not much of a fan of the band, but once again this is a good CD for collector geeks. !!-Aaron Lupton

SHIFT D ...From the Pages of Chad Muskoka (Crack) Pop punk equal parts speedy and melodic. If you like Another Joe more than Serial Joe you'll probably be into this. !! Hamish.

SHUTDOWN Something To

Prove (Victory Records)

While SHUT-DOWN are functional, predictable hardcore, there's no denying that they're really good at what they do. This is a short but effective EP by a band that looks a lot younger than they are. No preachy politics here, just honest feelings and honest music. Do yourself and all of hardcore a favor and support this band !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

THE SLACKERS Live at Ernesto's (Hellcat Records)

If you are a fan of any of the Slackers' studio albums, or of traditional, first wave ska, this will fit nicely in your record collection. As most Slackers records seem to go though, there are moments where the energy and the togetherness of the group is lacking. These are usually followed by moments of such quality that you can't help getting in the groove. !!!5 Steve Servos.

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS

Bite Back (Captain Oi!) Further clues are provided on Bite Back as to why S & TD have never really achieved the legendary status as did so many of their punk contemporaries. A very bad experiment in early new wave/Brit pop that makes you wonder why they re-released this album in the first place. Maybe I'm being a little harsh, but this seems like just another attempt to make money off of a name. !-Aaron Lupton

SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS

Do It Dog Style (Captain Oi!) Not being a big 'DOGS fan, I could at least slightly relate to this album, through tracks like 'Where Have All The Boot Boys Gone?' Still not a great band, but since their releases are fairly obscure, this CD is bound to make someone's day. Besides, that green fluorescent cover is just so bitchin' !!-Aaron Lupton



Vinyl Views

SLIM CESSNA'S AUTO CLUB Always Say Please & Thank You (Alternative

Tentacles)

Old-time religion, hillbilly caterwauling and rock-n-roll are just more gasoline on the fire of this wild Denver group. This is alt-country with attitude that is outrageous, but sincerely so. This is roots rock with both raunch and respect. The devil's tempting twang and the gospel tent's overcoming salvation merge on "Always Say Please & Thank You" with more authenticity than many insurgent country recordings. Possessed with a powerful, if at times disturbing, vision of Americana music, Slim Cessna's music is pure, pure country, pure mania square in the middle of the Saturday night/Sunday morning dichotomy. !!!! Tom Schulte

SNUFF Numbnuts (Fat Wreck Chords) Good time U.K. punksters Snuff are back with an excellent new release. As much as I miss their wacky covers of days gone by, they do manage to sneak one in, a Japanese pop song done Snuff style, "Sweet Day." Their new material is also up to snuff (ok, just kill me). Poppy harmonies blend perfectly with punk aggression, with just a twinge of melancholy. Older, wiser, and best of all, they haven't lost their sense of humour. Cheers! !!!! Jack Link

THE SPILLS/ THE HEART-DROPS Compact Disc Split EP (Stiff Pole Records) 6 songs. 3 shots a piece at rock n roll glory. One band will emerge victorious, basking in this idiot critic's praise. The loser will die a prolonged, tortuous death. Both bands deliver the goods: passionate, good time rock. I didn't even hit the forward button. The verdict: both bands win! No one dies! !!! Jack Link

THE STAND s/t (JUMP UP)

The nice thing about the Stand is that they are talented young musicians with an ear for harmony and melodic instrumentation. They walk a fine line between second and third wave ska (I'm not sure if there is a fourth wave yet-but they may be in there) and in doing so don't get caught trying to make each of their songs too much of either category. The result is a catchy, poppy ska-based record from a group that can definitely hold their own among the scene's finest.!!!! Steve Servos.

SRATFORD MERCENARIES

Sense of Solitude (Southern) Steve Ignorant (Crass/Conflict) hooks up with ex-members of the Buzzcocks and the end result is solids, no -nonsense stripped down UK punk of the late 70s/early 80s variety. The lyrics are socio-political but not as heavy handed and in your face as you'd expect. You needn't be solely into UK Subs and Exploited to appreciate this. A fine album. !!! Hamish.

STRUNG OUT The Elements of Sonic Defiance (Fat Wreck) Melodic and very aggressive West Coast punk akin to Ten Foot Pole or Pulley. Harsh and pissed off. !! Hamish.

SUPERNOVICE If I Tried (Onset) Three song EP of male/female dual vocal indie rock. Sort of non hip hop Len and less moaning Hayden. 0 Hamish

SWINGIN' UTTERS Brazen Head e.p. (Fat Wreck Chords) "Brazen Head" is an excellent ep with well-written, insightful lyrics, catchy songs, and solid musicianship. The final track "Smokestack Dreams," is outstanding. Given the Irish Catholic imagery on their cd, it plays like a punk rock, ass kicking Pogues song. Choice. !!!! Jack Link

TECHNICIAN Electronic Conversation With The

Dead (Tranquility Base)

Angular alterna rock with David Yow vocals. Basically a weaker and boring Jesus Lizard and Scratch Acid. Go for the real thing instead. ! Hamish.

TENSION War Cry (Grilled Cheese) This Canadian group likes to compare themselves to the Exploited, and even have one of said band's ex-members. Not a good idea if you ask me, but TENSION manages to get your attention by punishing you with some harder edged punk rock. Still quite generic, but better than your average punk band. !!!-Aaron Lupton

TERMINUS CITY Justice Isn't Always Fair (TKO Records) A great punk/oi! Band with a cool Crazy Train intro. These guys aren't breaking any new grounds but they are busting some heads with anger, energy, and an honest sense of rock n roll. Beats the shit out of Rancid too. !!!-5-Aaron Lupton

THROWAWAY GENERATION Alive in the Streets of American Decay (Unity Squad Records) Misguided teenage posturing. Kids, you're taking yourselves way too seriously. If you spent half as much time composing decent songs as you did cultivating your image for your cd photo shoot, you'd be another punk rock teenybopper band, gracing the covers of Spin and other teen rags. As it stands, I'm throwing your cd straight in the trash bin. Ha! Ha! Get it? Throwaway Generation? Trash bin? Hello? Shit. !! Jack Link

JOHNNY THUNDERS In the Flesh (Amsterdammned) Johnny Thunders, the sneering, rock legend, is captured here live and in excellent form. At times, he's teetering on the brink of collapse, a real, raging motherfucker. In his quieter moments, his voice aches with sorrow, trying to slow down but resigned to the fact that his star's fading fast.

Vinyl Views



Fans of the man's genius will find this indispensable. Others will find this a good starting point to explore his distinguished, tumultuous career. !!!! Jack Link

U.K. SUBS Another Kind Of Blues (Captain Oi!) UK SUBS are one of the best known British punk bands gaining early commercial success and then just refusing to quit. Most people would agree that the first album was the best, with tracks like CID, "Tomorrow's Girls," and "Stranglehold." Consider yourself lucky that Captain Oi! Re-released such a great album. !!!!-Aaron Lupton

UNCURBED Keeps the Banner High (Sound Pollution) The record label could not be more accurate with this healthy dose of blitzkrieg grind/smash/crush your head in a vice-core. 20 tracks of pure mayhem. The lyrics are Swedish, not that they'd be decipherable in English. Get this...if you can handle it. !!!!-5-Aaron Lupton

THE UNIFORM Thirty-Three Revolutions (Morphius Records) "Thirty-three Revolutions" compiles The Uniform's previous releases into one hell of an album. You can make all the comparisons you want, but The Uniform are in a class by themselves. Solid, sordid, and highly aggressive 70's rock. Their low budget production actually enhances their sonic psychosis, rather than dilutes it. A real gem and well worth seeking. !!!! Jack Link

UNITED '97 Running On My Life (MCR Company) Japanese oi! music that is decent, in avoiding the tough guy idiocies of most oi! music, but still pretty boring overall. Although the lyrics are a little funny due to the translation, they are actually quite interesting. If you're seriously into oi!, I could see this CD holding some appeal. !!-5-Aaron Lupton

THE VANDALS Look What I

Almost Stepped In (Nitro) The Vandals have steered into the arena of post-punk power pop. On this album the group crafted their disillusionment with rock-n-roll into clever and catchy songs. "Behind the Music" laughs at the heartache of a less than stellar career. In my opinion, this is their best album, yet. Their fun and witty angles on life's travails can work wonders on a bad day. If, like me, you are an ex-punk rocker worried about the mortgage and how things are going at work, get a helpful dose of aged punk attitude turned wise and witty. "Look What I Almost Stepped In" will have you grinning sardonically and ready to show up at the next staff meeting with hair dyed green. !!!-5 Tom Schulte

V/A Be a Caveman-the Best of the Voxx Garage Revival (Voxx) A must for all garage/ punk/ trash afficiendos. This cd is a varied, high quality sampling of the creme de la creme of 80's garage. For those who missed it the first time around, prepare to be thrilled by the crazy sounds of Crawdaddys, Fuzztones, and Things. Psychedelic strobe lights, beatles wigs, and luscious go go dancers mandatory. !!!! Jack Link

V/A Cavestomp Vol.1 (Cavestomp!) Garage freaks rejoice! Here's a twisted, full on celebration of all things groovy and stompin', from '50's rockabilly to '70's trash, but recorded live in '97 at the Cavestomp Festival in New York. Personal highlights include The Insomniacs' "Already Down," the Swingin' Neckbreakers' "The Flop," and the Hentchmen's demented "Life Story." None other than ? and the Mysterians top an already superlative comp with a smoking rendition of their oldies AM classic "96 Tears." !!!! Jack Link

V/A Crusty Comp 2-Don't Eat the Crust (Crusty) 30 plus songs, with a heavy Canadian band

slant. With this much material, there's bound to be something for everyone. There's also going to be something embarrassingly mundane, same shit, different title. Thankfully, most songs aren't. Outstanding tracks include Removal's "IRR.02", Hate-choir's "Warty 6," and the Hextalls' nonsensical "Willie Nelson." !!! Jack Link

V/A Exxxile on Main St. (Triple X Records) Another fine compilation from Triple X, with a little something for everyone, big names, up and coming contenders, and all points in between. From punk stalwarts, The Exploited, to energized metal/rap fusion of Cradle of Thorns and early Korn (under the monicker L.A.P.D.) to the angst ridden Barry Manilow-ish "Flowers" by goth duo R Williams and G. Demone, to Bo Diddley's sad impersonation of Billy Joel. You win some, you lose some. !!! Jack Link

V/A Freesongs 4 Free-thinkers (Fueled by Ramen) The first two songs on this mini comp are substandard examples of emo-core. The third, "Mayflower," begins with skanky horn arrangements then clumsily segues into punk rock idiocy. Three strikes, yer out! The finale, Joan Jett inspired "The Battle Has Just Begun," is spirited enough but can't salvage this release from mediocrity. Wasn't this reviewed last issue? !! Jack Link

V/A Mods Mayday '99 (Detour) "We are the mods, we are the mods, we are, we are...etc." Parka'd ones out there can do no wrong in picking this up: a well-produced, live reunion of 80's mod bands the Circles, Purple Hearts, The Chords, and more. A high-spirited, amphetamine induced, parka ho



Vinyl Views

down! Relive those mod memories of hanging out at the local Burger King and the Yonge St. video

game parlours in a full suit and tie, and a parka in blazing 30 degree C weather. And for those of you who'd rather punch these fashion plates in the face, just close your eyes and pretend it's The Buzzcocks. !!!! Jack Link

VA This Changes Everything (Second Nature) Label sampler of largely available tunes (two are unreleased). Great bands and excellent tracks. Casket Lottery, Grade, Reggie and The Full Effect, Coalesce, Waxwing, Sharks Keep Moving are the notables here. !!! Hamish.

THE VIBRATORS The BBC Punk Sessions (Captain Oi!) I always sort of liked the VIBRATORS, not a very stand-out band, but competent at pop-punk delivery anyway. Yet somehow, this collection of Peel sessions and live material didn't really strike any memories for me. Overall, not a very good retrospective on one of punk's earliest contributors. !!-Aaron Lupton

THE VIPERS Outta the Nest (Cavestomp) Extensive liner notes detail the Vipers' prominent role in the 80's garage scene. I was hyped even before I hit play and...it was "nice"? I was expecting wildness: the Trashmen, the Stingrays, the Sonics. My initial reaction was that it sounded like a peppy Byrds album with some neat-o psychedelic effects. Disappointing. With repeated listens, this album does creep up on you. Soon you too will grow out that mohawk into a mop top, trade those combat boots for Cuban heels, and shimmy to the ultra-cool Vipers beat! !!!! Jack Link

THE WANDERERS Only Lovers Left Alive (Captain Oi!) Very little is known about this early 80s pop rock group, other than the fact that they deliver fairly standard upbeat, rockin' anthemic music. A mediocre band overall, that probably stopped gaining fans long ago. For record collectors perhaps? Captain Oi! releases so much music, I just can't keep up with all these re-issues anymore. !!-Aaron Lupton

WEAKERTHANS Left and Leaving (G7) Deep, soaring melodic poppy emocore. Seeing that singer John K. Samson was in the overtly band Propagandhi for some 5 years, you may be surprised to find the political spewing and activism next to nil on here. This drifts between soft and acoustic to catchy driving intensity. Overall this is unassuming yet sincere. Definitely worth checking out. !!!! Hamish.

WORLD/INFERNO FRIENDSHIP East Coast Super Sound Punk of Today (Gern Blandsten) Warped and fucked up punk. The sense of humor and flirting organs, salsa, horns, and strange country twang all combine for a loony feel. Pictures of bastard child of Mr Bungle and the Buttholes. !!! Hamish.

WORLD IS MY FUSE Good Intentions (Espo) Moody emocore in the territory of Joshua and Scott Farkus Affair but with more hushed vocals. The disturbed art makes a nice packaging job as well. I'm sure these guys are a good live band. !!!! Hamish.

THE WRETCHED ONES We Don't Belong to Nobody (Headache Records) Proudly proclaiming themselves as "America's Oldest Oi," The Wretched Ones' maturity lends their songs more credibility, experience, and integrity. They don't follow trends or images. Their songs

are pure extensions of themselves and their lifestyles and fuck you if you don't like it. No posing allowed. !!!! Jack Link

Y Pseudo Youth...Human Cesspool (Sound Pollution) Y? Because we're the most chaotic, bludgeoning, piece of warp speed grind-core destruction to land in the hands of Mr. Lupton for quite some time now. That's Y. !!!!!-Aaron Lupton

YAWP Progression (Kangaroo) Harder-edge punk with a dash of Oi! from the Netherlands. I can't say I was particularly impressed with this one, nothing really stood out. Political punk that is angry, alive, and generic. !!-Aaron Lupton

THE ZILLIONAIRES Self-Titled (Pelado Records/Unity Squad Records) The hyperbolic liner notes rank the Zillionaires in the same league as Elvis, Little Richard, The Stooges, and AC/DC. Only time can tell whether they achieve the immortality of the above mentioned artists, but this cd is a damn good start in the right direction. The album roars along at a terrific pace, with no song running over 2m 30s. And do they rock as hard as they claim to? Yes friends, they do.

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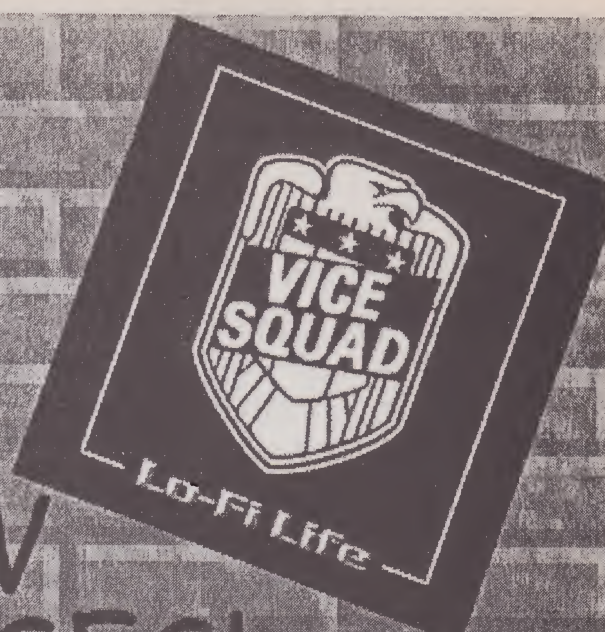
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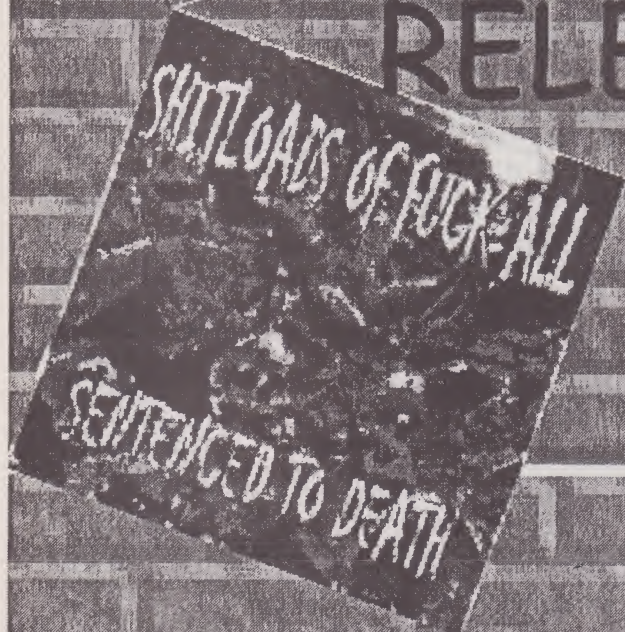
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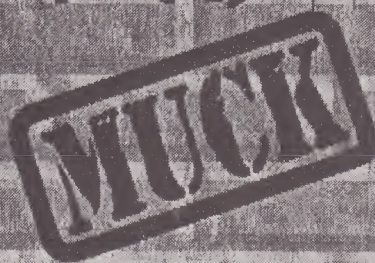
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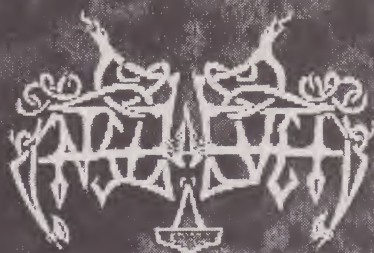
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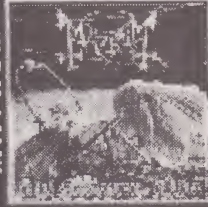
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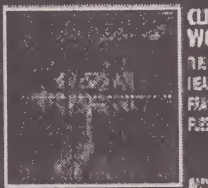
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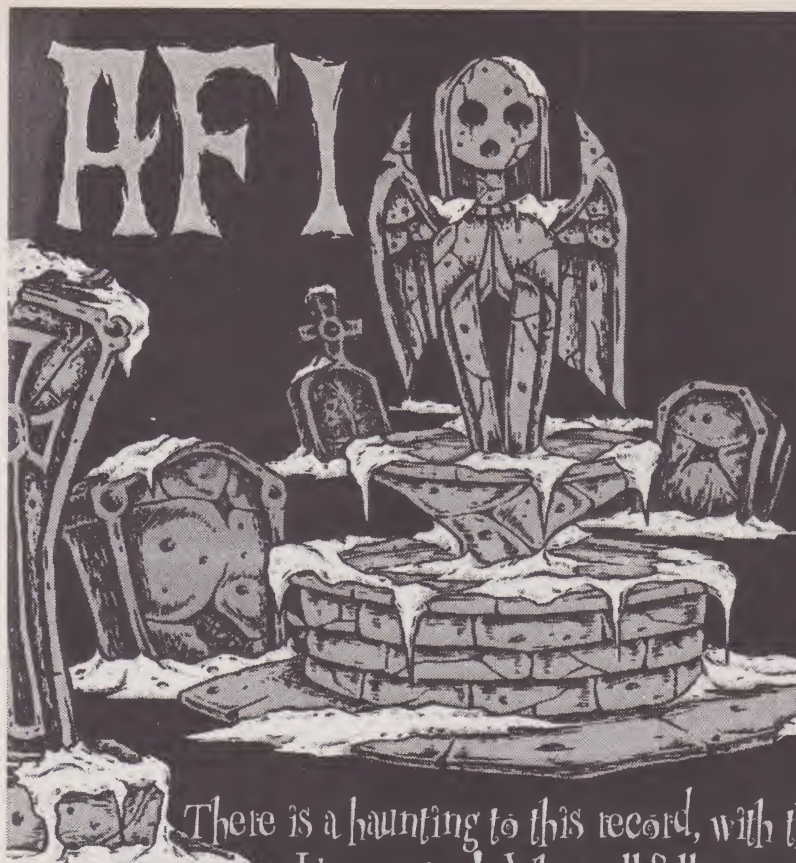
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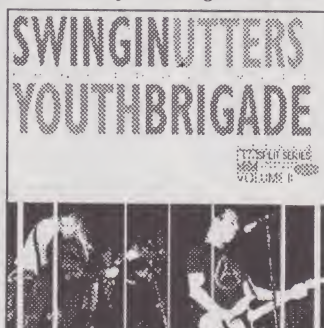
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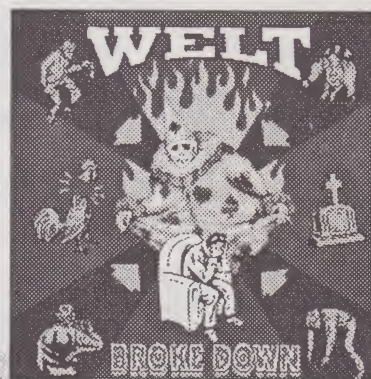


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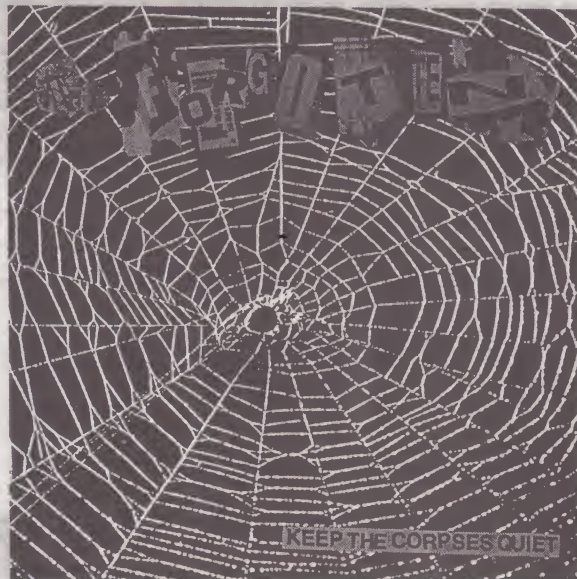


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Hey all,

Thanks for making #75 the biggest issue yet. We are really stoked on that. Just in case you did not know but MaximumRocknRoll (October) said about #74:

"This is a well done little zine. Chock full of record reviews, and articulate, interview with Punk Fiction zine. And hot damn, there's actually some politics here. Some lame rants, but also more focused ones like on Dow Chemical and Superbowl advertising. The interview with Frank Kozik made for a good contrast with the rest of the zine—no spouting of some party line here. Check it out."

Need more reason to place your next ad? The next deadline is **October 7th** to reserve it. This issue will have some interesting articles on Cab Related Stories including rides throughout Europe, Toronto, Why You Should Take A Bike Over Cabs, and so on. This will be anticipated to be an interesting issue for sure. Please get in touch by either emailing us at caustic@interlog.com or calling 416 935 0651 to book your next ad. Over **5000 copies** are circulated throughout North America. Ads are real cheap so take advantage of it now! The rates are as follows:

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1/6 page	2.5"x5"	20
1/3 page long	5"x5"	30
1/3 page regular	2.5"x10"	30
1/2 page	7.5"x5"	40
Full Page	7.5"x10"	80
Full Page (Inside Cover)	"	95
Full Page (Back Cover)	"	120

** Please refer to page 3 of this issue for more ad specifications*

Confirmed advertisers already include Espo, Revelation, Fandango, Straight Up, and Fat Wreck Chords. Why aren't you taking advantage?

Thank Richard